The Forum

NOVEMBER, 1921

THREE NATIONS AT THE CONFERENCE*

By JOSEPH HAMBLEN SEARS

1. *The Rt. Hon. Sir Spiggott Fawcet of Steam Heaten Hall, Bath, England.*
2. *M. Hushihuki of Tokio, Japan.*
3. *Mr. J. G. Honeycomb-Jones of 92 East 65th St., New York City, U. S. A.*

I.

SIR SPIGGOTT, smoking a pipe in the lounge of the Hall, put down the Times, snapped his glass out of his eye and leaned back in his chair. There seemed to arise and pass before his vision pictures of the British Empire, and his wandering thoughts shaped themselves somewhat as follows:

The British Empire is the greatest group of human beings upon this earth. We have done more to civilize the world than any other nation, or any other single influence, during the last three hundred years. We have introduced and established upon a firm basis the present international banking system where there was none before. We have introduced and established modern practical democratic government by our delicate adjustment of the legislative,

*Suggested by a reading of "The British in China," by C. A. Middleton Smith, M. Sc. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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executive and judicial divisions of the British constitution, and we have invented modern colonial government. We have organized and reorganized the governments of wild and half civilized races and governed their people in a manner that has not been equalled, or even approached, by any other nation. Egypt, India, South Africa, but for us would be wild spaces peopled by beings who would be a continual menace to adjoining civilizations. We have demonstrated again and again our outstanding ability to govern all kinds of people with justice, generosity and firmness. We have developed the largest colonies in the world both as to area and population.

There is no attempt anywhere to question the ability of the Empire over all other nations to conduct this civilizing work. And this is conceded because we possess the genius for just dealing in trade, finance and government.

We have more coast line than any other two countries. We must have a sufficiently strong naval force to protect this area. There is no danger of the British fleet leading to war. It never has and never will be used for such a purpose. But in view of the vulnerability of the British Isles to attack from the sea, and the immense sea coasts of our colonies and possessions, there must be no question of England's ability to control the high seas in the event of war.

The responsibilities of the Empire have been greatly increased by the European War. Our colonial possessions have been enlarged. For the first time in centuries the Empire is a debtor nation. No self-respecting Englishman will delay the preparation of some plan for paying his just debts and causing the financial center of the world to return to London, whence it should never have been allowed to depart.

Our compact with Japan was a wise move. We had to have some certainty that the best organized and most powerful nation on the coast of eastern Asia would not work against, but with us, in case of any difficulty. That difficulty came in the shape of the European War, and the value

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of the treaty to us was demonstrated in many ways. Just now, when it comes time to renew this treaty, our position is not quite so untrammeled. There is trouble brewing between the United States and Japan. We want to keep close to Japan, but we must have no misunderstanding with the American nation. Furthermore, we must do all we can to prevent an open break between these two first class powers. It could do us no good, and it might work us great harm.

It would appear that our interests in the Far East, therefore, demand a working agreement with the greatest power there—Japan, and our relations with the United States demand that there should be no suggestion of a misunderstanding with the American people.

Our taxation for the navy and for other purposes must be reduced, or we shall have a revolt in the British Isles. We can cut the navy and therefore taxes if Japan and the United States will also cut; leaving the balance of power the same as it is today; that is to say, the British fleet the strongest. Our suggestion to the American government that it call a conference on disarmament has borne fruit, and this Far Eastern discussion is not so unexpected. It can only bring good to the Empire, if the Empire is represented. In any conference we can hold our own because of the variety and size of our interests and because of the power behind them. The conference relieves us for the moment from offending either the United States or Japan by our attitude on the renewal of the Japanese treaty. It will be possible to work out a solution of that question in the course of the conference, or afterwards.

China is going to develop. There will come a day when all Chinamen will speak the same language. Roads, railroads, river steamboats, newspapers will bring that about. All this will be accomplished by the increase of commerce. If, then, we can hold Japan from imperialistic ambitions, we can safely take our chance of being able to furnish most of the rolling stock, steamboats and engi-

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neering, not alone because we are better able to supply all these, but because we are already located in China far more firmly than any other nation.

Thus it looks as if with the European situation what it is, with the Irish situation where it is, our most important move is to cooperate with the United States in this conference in conjunction with our colonial governments, settle the Japanese treaty matter, and learn what we can as to the trend of international sentiments in regard to the reduction of the naval forces of the world.

Whatever these may be, whatever the conference brings forth, the British government must turn them to its own advantage; and the mind and intelligence of the Briton are quite competent, by his wise opportunism, to secure to himself at least his share.

At the moment it looks as if an alliance of the English speaking nations, whether written or unwritten, was likely to produce more for us than any other combination on the international chess-board.

II.

M. Hushihuki, squatting by the tea tray, gazed through the open casement at the blossoms in his little garden. In his mind's eye he could see the hills and valleys of his native land, and the picture suggested to him something of the following:

My country in the last thirty years has risen from what has been called a half-civilized nation to one of the five great powers of the world through the intelligence, industry and energy of its people. From a mediæval nation it has become one of the most modern and efficient. There is no instance of a similar change and development in a like period throughout the history of the world. We introduced methods into our war with Russia that reduced our death rate from causes other than wounds below that of any country in any war. All the world has since copied

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us. We have changed our form of government from one that was obsolete, to one that is the most modern and up-to-date, without shedding a drop of blood—a step never before accomplished by any other country. We have sent our young men out into all parts of the world and through them have discovered and adopted the good points they found in modern government, industry, and business, and we have discarded such matters as seemed to be of little value.

In doing all this we have developed a natural leadership on the eastern coast of Asia. We have a manifest destiny in this part of the world. Our population has outgrown the dimensions of the Empire. We must spread as we grow. Our trade has developed over the whole of the Pacific. We have the geographical position, and natural abilities and the right in the light of history to undertake the commercial development of China, Eastern Siberia and the Pacific Islands. We know these people; we understand their strong and weak points; we are the natural agency to promote their civilization.

Forced to spread because of growing population, we must find new territory for our people, for our commercial enterprise, for our wealth and for our industry. The growth of the Japanese in the twentieth century is like the growth of the British Empire in the nineteenth. The British started before us and secured India, South Africa, Australia and America; and now they are looking to the Far East to gain more possessions like Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements. But the days of the British Empire are numbered. Already Ireland is breaking away from her. Already the colonies are insisting upon more and more economy. The children have grown up; and either the parent must resign the helm, or the grown children will take it. Already we hear talk of a premier of the Empire selected from the colonies.

In our part of the world the similar influences of Japan are beginning to do what Great Britain has done elsewhere

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—and from which she has benefited as we must profit. This is the manifest destiny of Japan—not the exploitation of China, Manchuria, Korea, Shantung, and the Pacific Islands for our selfish purposes; but to develop them, open them up to the trade of the world, just as England has done in Australia, North America, and South Africa. China cannot do this for herself. She must have the stimulus and guidance of other more energetic and oganized people like ourselves. The English people did this well in their time. They made but one great mistake when, through the short-sightedness of the government of George III, they allowed the American colonies to get away from them. We must commit no such grievous error in China, or anywhere else on the Pacific.

It is the function, the evident right in the light of history, the natural thing for Japan to develop the Far East in a similar manner. These people are at our door. They cannot develop themselves. Nothing can, nor must, prevent us in this work which we have to do.

In these peace conferences we are always cheated in the end out of our just compensations — the fair returns from our efficient policies. England cheated us out of our earned rights in the Chinese War. The United States cheated us in the Russian War. In the conference at the making of the Peace of Versailles we were cheated by all the powers, and only secured Shantung and Yap. Now comes the demand for us to give up even these. Yet after all, we won some right to compensation for what we did and we secured a small return compared to that of the other nations.

Our energetic countrymen are pushing forward to gain the rewards of their brains and their toil, and yet the United States calls us a yellow and inferior race, and will not permit us to enter that country and own land there. The United States has grasped the Panama Canal, has grasped the Philippine Islands, by no other right than the right of conquest, and she holds them. The Canal should be open

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to us in war and peace. The Philippine Islands are a part of our manifest destiny.

We made a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with England. The world looked on with suspicion at Japan and England uniting; and yet in the end it turned out to be a wise arrangement for both of us and for the world at large. Now the British are afraid of offending the United States if they renew this treaty, because they owe the Americans money, and because the United States has shown in the World War its immense power in the international affairs of the twentieth century. The government of Lloyd George, following the dictates of the changing times as a vane follows the dictates of the changing winds, hesitates to renew the treaty because of the views of the American government and suggests that if the latter will join it, they will together be able to arrange the new treaty with us along lines more agreeable to the Americans or to do away with it altogether. Thereupon there comes a call from the United States for a conference between Japan, Great Britain, France, Italy, and China over the questions of disarmament and Far Eastern affairs.

Why China? Are we again for the fourth time in recent years to go into conference and come out stripped of the just returns for our contributions to the welfare of the world? Great Britain has the German Colonies. France has Alsace and Lorraine. Italy has the Trentino. Why should Japan be cheated again, and this time lose Shantung and Yap?

I know what will happen if we go into this conference. England and the United States will control the situation, and will say to us: "Friend Japan, we must all concede something for the general good. We all want to reduce armaments but Great Britain cannot reduce unless the United States does so. The United States cannot reduce unless there is some guarantee of peace in the Pacific. You are the disturbing influence in the Pacific. Do you want to upset our plan to reduce the intolerable taxes we are all

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staggering under? The United States says she cannot feel easy until Yap is open to us all, until you have returned Shantung to China, until it is settled that you are willing that your people be excluded from her soil, until she has assurances that you have not got your eye on the Philippines. Thus, you see, nothing can be done until you agree to all this, and agree, also, to stay where you are and not spread out. And here are the French and Italians saying that if you do not agree to all this, we four—especially the Anglo-Saxons—will feel very badly, and will have to work out some plan by which we can be sure that you cannot endanger the peace of the world."

Imagine our desiring to disturb the peace of the world! Why should we? All we want is to grow naturally, just as all these other nations have grown. War is the last thing Japan wants.

"Let us be practical, Friend Japan," continues the conference of Anglo-Saxons. "There is no sentiment in business; and this is business. You stop growing. You allow China to be perfectly free to the rest of the world. You stop fortifying anything, give up Yap and Shantung, and go on working hard at your own business in your islands. Then we can all cut down our armaments and save you, as well as ourselves, money."

I sit here in Tokio drinking my tea and think thus, and I say to myself: "O, Great Empire of my Ancestors! You were in existence before France, Italy, the British Empire, or the United States were thought of. No one upon this earth must be allowed to stop your world development, your great and manifest destiny! You are so far their superior in many of the qualities that go to make a great people that there must never more be any line drawn between the so-called yellow and white races. You have shown such an infinitely greater ability to develop along military, commercial, and educational lines than have these other nations, that you must not put your head in the Anglo-Saxon conference noose and allow them to talk you out

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of your just deserts. Go in and talk about cutting down navies. That is easily agreed to, and as easily avoided. But before you meet to talk of these so-called Far Eastern questions, let it be clearly understood that Japan has her future course mapped out for her, not by any plan of statesmen, but by the inexorable long-ago-determined course of events —the survival of the fittest. Let it be clearly understood that if there is to be an open door in China for all the members of this conference, then there must be an open door in America and Europe for all the members of this conference. You have burned your fingers three times. If you now burn them a fourth time it will be nobody's fault but your own."

And yet suppose the other nations should set us aside and leave us out!

III.

Mr. Honeycomb-Jones, having finished his dinner of bread and milk, lit a nine-inch cigar and blew a cloud of smoke towards the imported thirteenth century ceiling of his library. There recurred to him the threads of a conversation in his office that afternoon; and, sitting there surrounded by the tobacco fumes he ruminated somewhat as follows:

The longer I live the more convinced I become that trade is the main educator of mankind. The only difference between the European and the Zulu is that one trades with other nations and gathers new ideas, views and knowledge. The other trades only with his own kind, and remains the same through generations.

Trade—the intercourse between nations and individuals—is the great civilizer. And trade is the outstanding feature of the present day and the immediate future. The extraordinary growth of the United States in the period of its short life is explained by that instinct to trade which it seems to instil into natives and immigrants alike. The

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Japanese until recently have known nothing of it. So little opportunity have we had to gather new ideas, views, knowledge of, or from, each other that we do not understand them, nor they us. The result is that at present and for some time past, our relations have been strained. The Japanese demand that they shall be allowed to come into the United States, and live, and own property. The power to withhold or grant this demand has been throughout the history of nations a right reserved to each country to decide for itself as it seemed best. We have decided that the Japanese shall not have this right, because they do not become citizens, because they do not amalgamate with our people, and because, instead of adding to the wealth of our country as others do, they take a part of our existing wealth away.

Yet the Japanese have developed in thirty years with remarkable speed. They would understand us better, and we them, if we had had commercial dealings for a century on a large scale, instead of for a quarter of a century on a small scale. They have an outlook, a point of view different from ours, just as the British, French and other Europeans have; but we have not yet learned to understand their point of view and adapt ourselves to it as we have in the case of the others. Doubtless in time, after a period of intercourse, with all that that entails, we—and they—will learn to understand. Until that time comes relations with them are likely to be strained to the breaking point at any moment; and should that breaking point arrive it will be because of the inability of each of us to see and understand the attitude of the other, solely from a lack of sufficient trade relations.

Trade in its procedure involves constant contest, frequent intercourse, travel of one party to the home and office of the other, exchange of views, argument, dicker, the furnishing to the one what the other alone possesses—out of all of which comes mutual benefit. Otherwise there is no trade. There cannot therefore be too much contact just now with the Japanese on our part. If we could have a

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continuous conference, it would be well for both of us in the end. If we can have a temporary conference, it will do some good and lead to others. If we do not meet, misunderstandings are sure to increase. It is with nations as with individuals. A slight misunderstanding makes each shy of the other. Time widens the breach. Many otherwise unimportant episodes, sayings, actions, assume under the circumstances large significance. Shortly the two do not speak, and a feud arises which sometimes extends to the children and grandchildren; or in the case of nations, to hostile sentiment that a small spark will cause to break out into war; and wars are by no means over. Only those are necessary, however, that are caused by the existence of a problem only solvable by force. A war with Japan would seem to me to be very unfortunate. It would do us little good and might do us a great deal of harm. Whatever the result, however, it would check trade and therefore civilization.

It looks, then, as if a meeting of ourselves and the Japanese with the English, French and Italians would be wise. Conferences do not as a rule result in war. Nobody likes to end an armistice and go back fighting. Possibly little will be settled, but a great deal of newspaper space will be occupied, as it is already, in airing divergent views; and publicity—advertising—which is a part of trade, has been proved to be good in the main.

To discuss disarmament can do no particular harm. Little is likely to come of it, since as long as Admiral Mahan's books are read it will remain true that sea power is the life of trade and therefore of civilization. England cannot very well reduce armaments relatively. We must probably strengthen our power on the high seas. When you come down to details what will happen? Shall we say, as is now proposed, that if the British Empire represents one hundred per cent in naval strength the United States may also go to one hundred per cent, and Japan be held at seventy-five per cent? What particular reason can be given Japan to persuade her to this? Why should England al-

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low us to equal her? What right under international codes has any of us to suggest what the others shall do, and who is going to see that the accepted plan is carried out?

In diplomacy the end justifies the means. In trade no such thing is possible, since as soon as it exists trade stops. And trade is getting to be stronger than diplomacy in deciding the affairs of the world. No diplomat, nor yet his sovereign, will stand long against the unanimous verdict of the journalists, because the latter express on the whole the opinion of the people who permit these rulers to remain in power. I do not see much, therefore, to come from the disarmament discussion except the airing of public opinion; but I do see a better acquaintance and understanding, and a better knowledge of the ideals and desires of the people concerned.

Many things remain to be settled. The Pacific is coming into the limelight, and there are clouds on the eastern horizon for us and for both England and France that may increase, if we do not dissipate them by conversations. This country's situation at the moment, as a result of the war, is a difficult one. We are the international banker, and a good sound business policy suggested by us would be accepted by Europe and the Far East. Yet such good sound business policies are not always readily discernible. The basis for a suggestion will be found, however, in the axiom: "Let everyone trade where he will, as he will, only restricted in so far as each nation asserts its right to protect itself." There can be no international free trade; but there can be an immense increase in trade treaties.

Our look forward seems to be to protect what we have and to avoid acquiring much more—all in the interests of a hitherto unimagined increase in our trade with anybody and everybody. There is no limit to this increase. Two parties get together and produce something which neither could produce alone. That is what increases wealth. That is trade. That is civilization, progress, science, education.

The Japanese seem nervous about the conference. They are not used to such things; but if they are to play a part

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in the world's history from now on, they must take part in them. I go into half a dozen business conferences a day. If I am not able to hold my own, I come out badly in the trade. If Japan cannot hold her own, she will be in the same predicament. But this world is getting too small since the arrival of the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, and the flying machine for anyone to play a lone hand in the international game.

We have certain interests to watch in the Pacific such as the Philippines, Hawaii, and the other islands, China, and the rights of nations on the high seas. So have Japan, the British Empire, France—China herself. Let us sit around the table and discuss these things—and trade. And consider China. If China could learn to trade internationally, what an immense development for her four hundred millions! What an extraordinary benefit to those who shall trade with her! Japan cannot do it alone for want of experience and financial power. England can do it best. We can do a great deal. And the two English-speaking nations together could change the face of the Far East and the life and happiness of the Far Easterners beyond all expectation —besides enormously benefiting themselves.

Then, too, there are signs that at least a strong group of Japanese have leanings towards imperialism. Are they going the way of a certain central European nation that has recently suffered a change? Such a course followed out to its conclusion would lead to war. They could not win in the end but they could cause incalculable misery and set back the clock of the world again.

Honeycomb-Jones pushed his fingers through his hair and lit another cigar, adding almost aloud as he did so:

"If only the American, British, and French governments would invite half a dozen Rothschilds and Morgans to meet in New York and work out an international plan to finance international trade! That would be an agenda well worth while!"

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GREAT PLAYS OF ITALY

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AT all times, from the glorious days of Aeschylus, there have been men who moaned about the "dying drama." In many tongues, in many scattered lands and towns, those pessimists have talked and found an audience.

There never was a time, though, when such croakings were more justified than now. The war has not helped art in any form. It has set back some arts and checked the growth of others. The drama has been harmed much more than music, if less, maybe, than poetry and painting. The emotions of the recent world-wide tragedy have almost killed the theatre. With the exception of a very few real dramatists, like St. John Ervine and Eugene O'Neill, to find great writers for the stage, one must now look, not to America or England, but to the Continent—the European Continent.

The Germans can still point to Gerhart Hauptmann, though he has given us nothing lately half as potent as his gripping "Weavers" or half as lovely as his "Sunken Bell" and "Hannele." Beside the least impressive of his works, the freaks of Shaw and Barrie seem grotesquely futile. And now and then we get some play from Hungary, not made, like most of ours, for money only. But just at present we might turn our eyes to Italy, when we are searching for examples of great drama; and chiefly to a young and gifted writer, whose best achievement at least seems to hint at genius.

His name—Nino Berrini—is as yet not known to many of our playgoers. Nor have our critics so far told us much, if anything about his finest work. It took our managers ten years to see the dramatic value of the play we call

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"The Jest," and it may take them quite as long to give Berrini's strongest work a respectable hearing. When they discover it, its author may have lost his early power and inspiration. For as we know, some Latin authors soon wear out. They shoot one mighty bolt, or two, and that ends them.

What this Berrini may accomplish none can say. He may have touched the very limits of his force in his most famous play. But, even so, he will have left his mark on the Italian stage, both as a dramatist of the first rank, and as a poet. He is still young enough to turn out more great plays; and with the latest and best of various dramas which his country owes him, he has amassed what in his country is a fortune. His "Il Buffardo" (or "The Jester") is now popular in the Italian cities as it may some day be in France and other lands, less squeamish and more literal in their views about the stage than ours has been. In book form it has proved quite as successful as on the Italian boards—a test few plays not of the highest kind, of course, could stand.

The title of the drama was ill-chosen. It is a pity that Berrini should have picked out "Il Buffardo" for his purpose. The name recalls "The Jest" of Sem Benelli—known to Italians as "La Cena delle Beffe." The work is of the same general class and rank as Sem Benelli's masterpiece. But the resemblance between the two most admirable of Italian modern dramas is not so close as one might fancy from their titles. Berrini's plot and also his chief characters are quite his own. They are as strongly made, as personal and true to the strange life of a stern age—the thirteenth century—as Sem Benelli's are to that of "The Magnificent," Lorenzo dei Medici. The period revived in "Il Buffardo" is identified with Dante; the hero Cecco really was a youthful poet who had talked with the creator of "The Inferno." One might, indeed, infer from certain passages in the drama that he had friends to whom his verse had the allure of Dante's cantos. The background of the

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grim and stirring plot is Florence, the City of the Lilies, tinged with poetry and stained with blood. In the Florence of which our Berrini writes, all things might happen —the noblest deeds and the most awful crimes. There were no bounds to the amazing possibilities to chain the dramatist. He could not, if he would, have overstepped common facts of daily life. It was an age of radiant dreams and mystic visions. But it was also one of terrible brutality.

The poet who harks back to such a period is hampered by no petty modern fetters. We must remember this in judging "Il Buffardo," or we may fail to understand its wide appeal. The Italians do not baulk at things which shock the rigid Anglo-Saxon mind. They accept the bloodshed and the most dreadful facts of life, when they are molded in the shape of a great play.

The plot is based upon the tragical relationships between Cecco Angioleri, a wild, wilful poet; his mother, Lisa—for whose love he hungers; the hatred of that mother for her son who is the unlonged-for offspring of her old and grasping husband; her devotion to an illegitimate daughter, Fioretta, of whom the father is her husband's treacherous steward—Mino Zeppa. So in essentials, as we see, there is a gulf between the story of "Il Buffardo" and that related with such skill by Sem Benelli in "La Cena delle Beffe." And in the treatment of his play Berrini has, I believe, excelled his rival by the beauty of his workmanship. His verse (which could, by the right man, be put into equivalent and fine Shakespearean lines) is clear and virile, it rarely fails in its direct, poetic charm. It has at times, a thrilling force for its own sake. But it is free from the deliberate affectations of d'Annunzio's verse. It is the expression pure and simple, of the characters with which the author deals, and therefore it is thoroughly, and as a rule convincingly, dramatic.

Here is one passage, in which Cecco tells us of himself:

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S'io fossi foco, arderei lo mondo;
S'io fossi vento lo tempesterei;
S'io fossi, acqua io l'allagherei;
S'io fossi Dio lo manderei'n profondo.
S'io fossi Papa, allor, sare' giocondo
Che tutti i Cristian' tribolerei;
S'io fossi imperator, sai che farei?
A tutti mozarei lo capo a tondo.

A fair equivalent for this, without rhymes, might read as follows:

If I were flame, I would destroy the world;
Were I the wind, I'd fill the world with storm;
Were I the waters, I would flood the world;
Were I a God, I'd send it straight to Hell.
If I were Pope, my great delight would be
To plague and trouble all good Christian souls;
Were I an Emperor, what would I do?
I'd see that everyone should lose his head.

But Cecco, who is a distressing ironist, is talking then to his most hated foe. That foe is Mino, whom he suspects of being his mother's paramour and also a rogue, seeking to supplant him in his father's graces and plotting his expulsion from his father's home. He grows more serious when, at the end of his diatribe, he tells Mino what he might do—if he were Cecco.

S'io fossi Cecco, com'io sono e fui,
Torrei le donne giovane e leggiadre—
Le brutte e vecchie lasserei altrui.

Which rendered into English, would mean this:

Were I plain Cecco, as I was and am,
I'd have my way with young and charming ladies—
The old and ugly dames I'd leave to others.

There is something of Don Juan, then, in Cecco, though he is rather apt to swank and prank at times. His life has been so full of bitter pain that he has come to be a kind of madcap outlaw. He roams the town with a few kindred blades, mocks at his father, and defies his mother. But in his attitude toward that mother, there is something—a great deal—of Hamlet, when he rebukes the faithless Queen and tortures her. He must be cruel, only to be kind. And he is anguished by her unrelenting hatred. Why does his mother Lisa hate him so? There comes a point—in one of the most powerful episodes in the play—at which he questions her, and implores an answer. And then she tells

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him, in unbridled words, that she had hated him because he was the child of an old husband, whom she loathed, and who had married her by force, when she was young. He wrings from her the confession of her love for Mino, the father of Fioretta, whom she worships.

To avenge himself on Lisa's paramour, Cecco has spirited away his own half-sister. No harm has come to her. But she has vanished and Lisa shudders at what may result. She implores her son to give her back Fioretta, her flower of purity, her dear, her joy—and Cecco pities her, despite her hate. He does restore Fioretta to her arms. But not until he has denounced his life-long enemy to old Angioleri, who in the last act murders Mino, not only to chastise that rascal for dishonoring him, but incidentally as well because his steward has for years been cheating him. The double motive is supremely human, and true as truth to Florentine psychology, as it once was and as it is today.

There is a danger point in "Il Buffardo." The abduction episode is hard to stomach. Not to Italians, but to Anglo-Saxons. As it now stands, it is a handicap, as Shelley's theme was when he wrote his "Cenci." The suggestion of the relationship between Cecco and Fioretta would terrify the most callous Broadway playgoer. If "Il Buffardo" is performed here, some changes in the plot will be required. And it may puzzle the most excellent adapter to get around this stumbling-block. Yet, even though it should not reach our stage, Berrini's work should be on all our book shelves. It has tremendous power and interest as a drama, and which counts most, it is intensely human. It is a bold and grim expression of one of the most picturesque and tragic times in history. While as to form it is impeccable, Berrini's verse is, I repeat, much more effective, because more sincere than that of Sem Benelli or d'Annunzio. The construction of the play, again, is masterful. From the exposition to the dark catastrophe it has no flaw. And through the ironies and mockeries of "The Jester" in the case, young Cecco, there runs a strain of genuine tenderness and pity.

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Each character is drawn with a firm hand. The central figure in the play is not malevolent, although he seems a cynic. His ribaldries, his sneers, are the result of undeserved and honest grief. Berrini's Cecco has a beating heart besides a brain that can devise and scheme. His actions are not prompted by stark vengeance, like the "jest" of Giannetto in "La Cena." In Lisa, Mino, Messer Angioleri, Berrini has evoked a tragic age. But his Fioretta has a radiant quality. She is ingenuous, even when she seems most frail. Above all, she and all the other characters in "Il Buffardo" are sheerly Florentine. One need not have been born in Dante's day to feel and understand that they are of that period.

John Barrymore is not our only actor who might be suited to the leading part of Cecco. I can imagine it as well within the grasp of say, Gilda Varesi. It is too delicate although so strongly drawn, to be done justice to by our new Yiddish actors. Perhaps the character demands a Latin artist—Gilda Varesi—yes, she might be the right person.

The role is worthy of a Sarah Bernhardt. If Sarah had been born in young Berrini's time, she would have loved to make of it a splendid counterpart to her Lorenzaccio. Some may remember what she did with de Musset's hero, who might claim kinship with, not only Cecco, but also with Benelli's Giannetto. The Neri of "The Jest" is just as close to de Musset's brutal tyrant, Alessandro. Perhaps de Musset, like the Italian author, found inspiration in the same old chronicle of Florence. That is the only explanation I can see for the strange likenesses between the chief characters in "La Cena," and those in the de Musset masterpiece. I speak with something more than casual knowledge on this subject as I once made an English drama out of "Lorenzaccio" and the "Lorenzino" of the Elder Dumas, for Henry Irving. Though our bright critics have ignored the point, it is impossible to those familiar with both plays not to be struck by the analogies of which I speak.

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Sem Benelli, by the bye, has turned out nothing in the past few years that could be mentioned in the same breath with his "Cena" or "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Can he have lost his early fire and inspiration? Or is he planning some new work that will be worthy of those two superb achievements? His latest play, a very weak and sickly effort, is named "Ali" ("Wings"). It is a study of a sentimental idealist, who though he has married and had one child by his wife, preaches purity in the monastic sense. He has attracted a large number of disciples who take him seriously as a new-fangled saint. The fact that he has broken his own rule, does not prevent him from still posturing as a teacher. At last his double dealing spells his ruin. A "vamp" who has beguiled him from his virtue, and who to him now seems a danger to his soul, rebels against his merciless austerity and, in a not unnatural fit of indignation, shoots him down. But even on the brink of death he postures. He has been posturing from the first. He cannot help it.

How the same mind can have conceived "La Cena," and afterwards this drab and mawkish "Ali," will always be to me, an Italian mystery. The play, which is in four acts, and in prose, is so obscure in thought and labored in style, that it is scarcely bearable. It is preposterous from the standpoint of the stage, incredible as an adventure in psychology. The first act is unwholesome—more than morbid —the invention of a brain that seems diseased. The "hero," Luca, has been mourning his dead wife. Her parents, who live far away, are hurrying as they fancy to her grave. But (as he tells a sympathetic friend, a doctor) the husband, out of pity for their sorrow, has spent three days or more in hiding her decease and pumping fluids into her unconscious body. In short, to give her parents time to look upon the face of their dead child, he has—well, to be plain he has embalmed her. When he explains things, both the father and the mother are filled with horror at what they regard as a sacrilege. The father rushes off in consternation. The

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mother lingers by her daugter's bedside. But, as she leaves the future "saint" soon after, she wrings from him a pledge that he will live on till he dies as an ascetic.

And that is Sem Benelli's exposition.

The rest is the deduction from the opening scenes. No wonder the play drivels into nonsense. In a long preface, Sem Benelli tries, though vainly, to defend his drama. The more he argues, the more futile he becomes. Why he or any man should write such plays, and why a publisher should put them between covers, no Anglo-Saxon mind can understand. If "Ali" represents the highest work its author can produce after his beautiful "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" and his much greater "Cena," we may assume that his career is nearly done. But we will hope that when he wrought out his mad "Ali," he was affected by a passing post-war mood. It would be pitiful indeed if all the promise of his youth should end in bathos. It would be well for him, perhaps, to take a rest, to lay aside his pen for a few months or for a year or two; then with a mind refreshed, and sane once more, he may delight us with some new and wondrous drama.

DESPAIR

By HELENE MULLINS

Here lie the ashes
Of my burn't dreams,
And desires.
Hold! be careful how you stir,
Lest from their inanimate whiteness,
A red spark leap forth.

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A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ZIONISM

By W. H. WORRELL

THE recent attack on Zionism by Mr. Henry Morgenthau and the reply thereto by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, represent, or nearly so, two typical positions in the Zionist controversy; and there are, of course, many others. Both are Americans of Jewish extraction and Reform-Jewish religious affiliations. The former represents the opposition to Zionism which goes with denial of Jewish community interests of a cultural or national sort. The latter recognizes these interests, and allies himself with the work of the official organization entrusted with the realization of Jewish cultural and national aspirations in Palestine. Both attack and defense are complete and typical. And yet both are simplifications of something infinitely more complicated. Both are pleadings in defense of positions, constructions in support of attitudes of mind and heart. Perhaps they had to be so in order to be understood and to take effect. For both writers a very real conflict is going on, in the results of which both are involved as no Gentile bystander could be. But if I, a Gentile, were privileged to speak, I should prefer to avoid being involved in that debate, and begin anew on my own account—it matters little where.

What is Zionism? It is many different things in the minds of different friends and foes; for it is a vast affair with many aspects, beyond the power of any man to comprehend. Moreover it is, like similar movements among men, constantly changing its shape as we watch it; so that we are neither sure of what it will become, nor even of just what it is at present. So many forces, within and with-

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out, are acting upon it that probably no statement with regard to it would pass unchallenged. But one may say what Zionism seems to be, and whither it seems to be tending, to the one observer.

Zionism is not a Yiddish movement, or at least does not wish to be. The Judæo-German of the Polish and Russian Jews is not permitted to appear in Palestine, in the press or on the boards. Many Zionists there refuse to answer when addressed in that curious un-Hebraic idiom of the unhappy Slavic Diaspora. And yet, through weakness of will, or a positively different ideal, both the Yiddish speech and the Yiddish view sometimes threaten.

Zionism is not a Hebraic movement, although it would wish to be. How again should the temple with its cult be restored, or a Solomon reign in oriental splendor? Even the ancient type of Old Testament Hebrew is not possible of restoration. Instead of it the New Hebrew of later times, with its Aramaic and Graeco-Roman, is made the standard by those most influential. This is not to say that the Prophets and other mighty men of pre-Exilic days are not energizing ideals. But, if we may make the comparison, it is rather the Hellenistic age that is the ideal of the reconstruction. Just as the best of Hebrew cultural strain fused, so they say, with the best of Græco-Roman; so now the new Zionistic community shall combine its Jewish heritage with what it may well borrow from the modern nations of the earth.

Zionism is thus a Jewish movement. But here again one must speak as an individual observer. As interpreted often to the British and American public, it is to be the establishment of a Jewish homeland in the Holy Land under the protection of Great Britain, the mandatory instrument of the League of Nations, without prejudicing the civil or religious rights of non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country. It is to be friendly to Great Britain, the Power in the Land, reasonable in its conception, conciliatory in spirit,

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practical in its methods, uncontaminated by other and non-Jewish movements that are agitating the world. It goes without saying that there were and are as queer people among Jews as there are among Christians—the reader may here insert his personal illustration with less offense than the writer—and that they have wanted queer and impossible things, or wanted things too soon. They have been sometimes unreasonable and unconciliatory, and unpractical; and they have taken upon themselves at times the troubles of others unrelated in any way to Jewish problems and destiny. Yet all this does not obscure the ideal of giving a positive content to the age-long negative Jewish separateness, which said chiefly: We are *not* as the nations. For Jewish separateness did not exist for its negation. It held on in the hope of a day of realization of positive values. It is of no profit for anyone to lament the Great Misunderstanding. It is for the world to solve the Jewish problem either by realization or annihilation. If what the Jews are, or can become, is not placed before what the Jews are not, then there had better be no Jews as such. And to that many Jews themselves would say Amen! The obvious Christian solution to the problem, however fondly cherished, is for the present as remote from success as ever; nor would it be a complete solution now. The more violent form of annihilation, still practiced while it is condemned, has in no small measure made the Jewish problem. Zionism is to establish a background that shall hearten Jewry as the British Isles hearten those who say:

"Home of my fathers, home of my brethren still, and of my mother tongue, sacred in song and story!"

That there are others who need no such heartening, to some of whom no doubt the memory of their Jewish heritage is disheartening, relieves in no wise those who do.

Medio tutissimus ibis is true only in a moral sense. It is safest to take the middle road only because, after all, it is safest to take the right and true road. Otherwise the middle way is notoriously dangerous, swept as it is by the

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fire of both hostile fronts. No doubt Moses himself appeared to his sweating Hebrew brethren a silk-stockinged miserable assimilationist; while to hundred-percenter Egyptian nationalists he was an alien labor agitator. And when in a moment of anger he forgot, it was an extremist of his own people who made him repent of that act. So also in Zionism, it is difficult to find the true middle, and when you have found it to keep it in spite of all. The difficulty arises, as the reader may suspect, from the different values given the Jewish ideal by Jews of different origins. Unless there is much moderation in the glorification of things dear to particular communities, even essential Jewishness itself becomes a matter of dispute. Herein lies perhaps the greatest danger for Zionism.

Of the three great types of modern Jewry, the Oriental Jews are the fewest in number and present the least difficulty, the Slavic Jews the most numerous and problematic, and the Western Jews the most powerful and—as a Westerner would of course say—the most enlightened. But there's the rub. The Jews of the world, after centuries of separation, have come to have the ways of the nations among which they have lived, and also the qualities that are protective reactions to these ways. A British Jew may be both British and Jewish, a Russian Jew both Russian and Jewish; but in the latter case he may also be Russian-Jewish. However that may be, there is danger of elevating diasporal peculiarities to the position of a norm; and much friction can result therefrom. By reason of poverty and recent wandering the Slavic (Russian, Polish, Rumanian) Jew often finds himself a stranger and social inferior in the West. The older, assimilated, element holds itself aloof from him. It belongs to the Reform congregations, and he is orthodox. He is Zionistic and ergo it is opposed to Zionism. When there did arise a Zionist in the camp of the Reform Jews, lo! there was the Israelite to say: "'Who hath made you to be princes and judges over us?" When unity and leadership were demanded, behold there came some Pied Piper

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of Pinsk to lead him off with his melodies. He had Slavic and social prejudices. When the klaxon voice of the hired anonymity of Dearborne was declaring that Jewish nationalism was Bolshevist internationalism, some mediæval would demand minority political rights for American Jews. Russian and Polish Jews have seemingly no political rights to be injured by anything. Naturally they would think of securing minority political rights for Justice Brandeis, Samuel Untermyer and Henry Morgenthau! Having given Zionism a soul by their dreaming, they refused it a body. Having risen above persecution, they thirsted for spectacular defeat when they might have had prosaic victory. Having learned the value of propaganda, they refused to learn the value of bookkeeping. There was no discoverable reason for appointing to the highest liaison position in Jerusalem a gentleman limited (or self-limited) to Yiddish, Russian and Hebrew, unable or unwilling to use the English of the Empire, or the French of international courtesy, or the Arabic of the predominating and ancient population of the land; there was no reason for approaching British officials through an interpreter, unless it was to emphasize the self-consciousness of an opposing group. A great part of the world rightly or wrongly has come to feel that it is Russia's fate somehow always to be wrong; that one does not learn self-government in Moscovy, nor toleration in Poland, nor moderation in either. As long as that is the case, it is surely unfortunate to obtrude the Russian idea.

Making, or appearing to make, Jewishness Russian, is what most seriously alarms both Oriental and Occidental Jews, to say nothing of the Arabs. In a recent number of a Jewish periodical is printed a despatch from the Jewish Telegraph Agency in Jerusalem. It says that the Jewish organization of urban and rural settlers in Palestine has submitted a memorandum to the Zionist Congress in Carlsbad, deploring the break in the ranks of American Zionists. The text following contains evidence that the writers of the memorandum quite agree with the American Zionist leaders

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in the position which they took when Professor Weizmann came over last spring; a position which resulted in their resigning office with their following, and forming a new organization. In the same periodical is a despatch from Carlsbad stating that the head of the Zionist Commission (the liaison official mentioned above) is encountering opposition, chiefly because the Commission "had been captured by the 'lefts,' that it had destroyed private initiative, and that it was responsible for the lack of progress in the reconstruction of the country;" but also because "Sir Herbert Samuel," the British High Commissioner, "would much prefer to have another man to deal with in Palestine." A pamphlet entitled "Summary of the Position of the Zionist Organization of America in Conference with Dr. Weizmann and Associates," explains this situation:

PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES

The Zionist Organization of America stands for

1. Concentration of the Zionist Organization's activities on Palestine as against diffusion on "Gegenwartsarbeit" and Diaspora Nationalism.

2. The Zionist Organization as the Jewish Agency versus the proposal, made repeatedly since 1919, to substitute for the Zionist Organization, a coalition composed of representatives of Zionist and non-Zionist organizations or of those elected by a general Jewish congress.

3. Commonwealth versus Cultural Center. Primary emphasis on, and direction of activities to the economic upbuilding of Palestine, as against primary emphasis upon general cultural activities. A living culture-creating and culture-radiating Israel cannot arise and endure without permanent economic foundations.

4. Separation of funds for economic development in Palestine from those destined for communal purposes, as opposed to commingling of all funds and consequent disregard of responsibilities created and trusts imposed.

5. Budgetary system and efficiency in operations in Palestine as opposed to the present financial policies of the Zionist Commission.

6. A policy of federalism promoting strong responsible federations, as opposed to a centralization imposing rigid uniformity in methods and means as well as end.

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By Gegenwartsarbeit is meant, I believe, national cultural work among Jews at large, scattered among all nations (in the "Diaspora"). It could not exist without the theory of Diaspora Nationalism, which was rejected by the American organization with the declaration that "the restoration of the Jewish people to Palestine does not imply that the Jewish people, as a whole, or any section thereof in lands other than Palestine is a political entity." To have taken any other than the American position would not only have justified the worst fears of anti-Zionist Jews, but would have violated the spirit of the Balfour Declaration which speaks of the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine without prejudicing "the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." Diaspora Nationalism was born of East European conditions and the War. The Commonwealth as over against the Cultural Center idea, is merely American common sense, as opposed to precipitate idealism; and that again is a Russian, though a very old difference. As for the other points, separation of investment from charity funds, and the employment of a budgetary system: to a mere American—who to a Russian would seem, like the Russian to the American, to be standing on his head—they would leave no doubt as to the objectionable character of the financial policies to which they are opposed.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau's attitude toward Zionism lies at one extreme and Professor Weizmann's—which by a kind of polarity induces Mr. Morgenthau's—lies at the other. Mr. Morgenthau might and probably would, still attack a more moderate Zionism; but he would find it far less easy to do so. In two points only do the two agree: Both believe that Zionism means Diaspora Nationalism; and both are opposed to the only kind of Zionism acceptable to Great Britain, the League of Nations, the Powers which have consistently favored the movement, and the friends at large among men; both are opposed to the only kind of Zionism that has the slightest prospect of success. It is not true that "Great Britain is in Palestine because the Zionists have willed it," as one Russian has modestly said, and as Mr.

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Morgenthau probably fears. The Zionism which the one attacks and the other defends is the same; and it is not the Zionism of British policy, nor of the repudiated American leaders, Justice Brandeis, Rabbi Wise, Judge Mack and Professor Frankfurter, nor, by all the signs, of the Jewish majority in Palestine. Mr. Samuel Untermeyer's position as head of the American organization is difficult to understand. He is Professor Weizmann's candidate, but can he well share his views? Possibly he desires to maintain unity and effort till better days.

There is a Zionism of British policy; and the Zionists are there because Great Britain has willed it. Besides the necessity of winning the war and the sentimental considerations of individuals, Great Britain wanted and wants a state between Mesopotamia and Egypt that is not too Muslim nor too united. Some say she wishes a new base for the protection of the Suez Canal, and an alternative route to India. Zionism will give her this. But by the same token she does not desire a Palestine too Jewish—especially not too Russian-Jewish—nor too united. That is why she insists, in the teeth of Arab opposition, upon maintaining her Zionist policy. That is why she allows notoriously anti-Zionist British officials to remain in power in Palestine. That is why she is even reinstating the limpidly honest old Pan-German Lutheran missionaries in the Holy Land, though rigidly excluding them elsewhere.

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JANE CARLYLE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Arranged by REGINALD BLUNT

A packet of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. As one of the committee of the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust, these letters were handed to me for examination, with the view of their possible publication in aid of the funds of the Trust, which absence of visitors during the war and the heavy increase of rates and expenses, have more than exhausted, leaving a bank overdraft of nearly four hundred pounds, on which the burden of interest is severe.

On collating these letters with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes, the first instalment of which follows, had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

They form an interesting and characteristic episode amongst Mrs. Carlyle's many friendships—an episode of which I feel sure that many of her admirers will be glad to have a compact record.

Dr. Barnes, whose house was in the King's Road, number 182, nearly opposite to Manor Street, appears first to have attended Mrs. Carlyle in April, 1859.

Suffering from the effects of a severe chill, "sleepless, foodless, coughing, tormented somewhere in the region of

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the heart, she has been as ill as I ever saw her;" (so Carlyle wrote to his brother, Dr. Carlyle). Mrs. Carlyle wrote to Mrs. Russell at Thornhill that she had at last determined to get a doctor.

"So I sent for the nearest General Practitioner (whom I knew to bow to, and had often been struck with the human practical look of); and he came and more than realized my most sanguine expectations, not only making the danger of my situation understood, so that I was delivered from petty worries and all that, but helping me up with strength, by medicines, and especially by giving me to understand that, if I did not make myself eat, I would certainly die. During the three weeks that I saw him every day and was allowed to see no one else, I indeed took quite a serious attachment to him; and he finds me the very oddest patient he ever had. He now sits with me half an hour instead of the official three minutes."

Carlyle, in a subsequent letter, speaks of the Doctor as "a rather sensible kind of a man, who comes daily and gives little or no medicine, but prescribes food (or attempts at food) and above all things absolute silence, and the steady endeavor to give a chance for rest."

Dr. Barnes had one daughter, whom Carlyle describes in a note, appended, after her death, to his wife's first letter to her as 'a very pretty, amiable, modest and clever young lady, and always a great favorite with my darling"; and Mrs. Carlyle, who had doubtless heard of her during Dr. Barnes' daily visits through her illness, wrote in May inviting her to come to tea, when she herself had in part regained her health.

"All you know of me," she says in this letter, "as yet is that I seem to be in the very lowest state as to penmanship. But I assure you that I can write much more tidily than this, made with the back of the very worst pen in the created world! And if you will bring with you tomorrow evening whatever stock you may have of 'faith, hope and charity,' I have no doubt that we shall become good friends."

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At the end of this June Carlyle went north to Humbie, in Fife, near Aberdour, where they had taken the upper floor of a farm house, by way of refuge from "Frederick" and the heat of London. Mrs. Carlyle followed her husband (who had gone by sea with his horse, and "clever little Charlotte," their maid) first to Haddington, then to Humbie, and thence on to Auchtertool House, her cousin's home; where she received a letter from Miss Barnes announcing her engagement to Mr. Simmonds, a barrister.

Mrs. Carlyle's reply (Letters and Memorials, vol. 3 p. 1.) was not exactly encouraging; but she remarks in the concluding sentence "perhaps the henbane I took in despair last night has something to do with my mood to-day."

"And you," she wrote, "are actually going to get married! You! Already! And you expect me to congratulate you! Or—'perhaps not.' I admire the judiciousness of that 'perhaps not'. Frankly my dear, I wish you all happiness in the new life that is opening to you; and you are marrying under good auspices, since your father approves of the marriage. But congratulation on such occasions seems to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal-procession-air, which in our manners and customs is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of Te Deum before the battle has begun—has, ever since I could reflect, struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them; just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings and congratulations, and trousseaux and white ribbon! Good God!

"Will you think me mad if I tell you that when I read your words 'I am going to be married', I all but screamed? Positively it took away my breath, as if I saw you in the act of taking a flying leap into infinite space. You had looked to me such a happy, happy, little girl! Your father's only daughter; and he so fond of you, as he evidently was.

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After you had walked out of our house together that night, and I had gone up to my own room, I sat down there in the dark and took 'a good cry.' You had reminded me so vividly of my own youth, when I, also an only daughter—an only child—had a father as fond of me, as proud of me. I wondered if you knew your own happiness. Well! knowing it or not, it has been enough for you, it would seem. Naturally, youth is so insatiable of happiness, and has such sublimely insane faith in its own power to make happy and be happy.

"But of your father? Who is to cheer his toilsome life, and make home bright for him? His companion through half a lifetime gone!

"His dear 'bit of rubbish' gone too, though in a different sense. Oh, little girl! little girl! Do you know the blank you will make to him?"

This was a chilling douche for poor Miss Barnes; but one may imagine that her father, who must already have acquired a very considerable insight into Mrs. Carlyle's temperament, and the idiosyncrasies of Cheyne Row, was by this time able to explain to his daughter much that would help her to discount the depression of "just such a letter as a raven might write if it had been taught."

The next extant letter is written from Cheyne Row, January fourteenth, 1860, accompanying a pheasant, "which is a trophy as well as a dead bird!" wrote Mrs. Carlyle. "For I brought it home with me last night from one of the most stupendous massacres of feathered innocents that ever took place 'here down' (as Mazzini expresses himself) —from seven hundred to a thousand pheasants shot in one day! The firing made me perfectly sick. Think of the bodily and mental state of the surviving birds, when the day's sport was ended! Decidedly men can be very great brutes when they like!"

A few weeks later, Mrs. Carlyle's greatly beloved little dog Nero, which had been run over by a butcher's cart in the previous October, but had partially recovered, grew worse and had finally to be put an end to. This was kindly

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done by Dr. Barnes, to whom Mrs. Carlyle wrote a touching letter of sorrowful gratitude on February first, ending with a pretty message to his "little jewel of a daughter."

Enclosing a cheque for the doctor's account at the beginning of this year, Carlyle himself writes to the Doctor:

"I have very much pleasure in paying, with a great many thanks over and above. No man of the many who present themselves at this season has done us so essential a service during the past year; and none of them all could do his poor 'work' more like a workman than you did your high and important one! We wish you many good years, useful to your fellow creatures and yourself. I am, always,

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE."

Next comes a note, undated as usual, but evidently of January, 1860.

"5, Cheyne Row.

My dear Miss Barnes,

"I haven't time to go in and see you, being on my way to Barnsbury Park, Islington, which lies, I take it, somewhere other side the moon! But I take the opportunity of having a 'neat Fly' for the expedition, to hand you in a box of Portugal Plums—come to me *by electric Telegraph* (as a Manchester shopkeeper advertised certain goods 'just received' by him from the place they were manufactured at!).

"I suppose your Father has forgotten utterly that in Chelsea there is a street called Cheyne Row, and in Cheyne Row a House *No. 5,* and in No. 5 a remarkably intelligent woman, extremely well-disposed towards him: although he has decidedly no respect for Canine life!

"Would you mildly remind him of the fact?

Yours sincerely,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE."

Next in the packet comes a note from Mrs. Carlyle, following a doubly missed meeting:

"5, Cheyne Row.

Friday, [Feb. 10, 1860]

My dear 'little Nun' (minus vocation)!

"What bad luck to miss both your father and you in one

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day! or rather what bad management! (For I believe there is no difference between Luck and Management, but in the spelling!) Certainly I, 'as one solitary individual' (my Husband's favourite phrase) have been managing shockingly in the last ten days! throwing over everything for *locomotion,* and locomotion towards no point or object, merely for the *distraction* of the thing!

"But without Rule and Routine to keep me within bounds (like a moral strait waistcoat) I should soon be in Bedlam, —moi! So I seriously purpose, by strength of Heaven, to recommence living the regular-ticking existence of an eight-day clock, so soon as—as I *can!*

"Meanwhile recollect you are to be ready to take a drive with me at 2 on Monday next. To-day I am in hope of realizing the photograph for you in the course of my circulation thro space! And if so shall leave it with this note in passing. If it still is not finished, we will go for it together on Monday next. My best love to your Father.

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE."

The next letter of the series refers to the possible call on Miss Barnes of a discharged servant, whom Mrs. Carlyle "would rather *not* be responsible for placing in the bosom of any quiet family I am interested in, as outside of the broad moral line of the usual servant virtues, honesty, sobriety and activity, there is much to be said which would not be to her advantage."

In July, Carlyle, plagued by sleeplessness, and beginning to think that the interminable "Friedrich" would finish him, instead of his finishing it, went north for a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso.

Mrs. Carlyle remained for a while at Cheyne Row, "more sleepless and agitated than himself."

"I was on the verge of complete breakdown into serious illness," she writes to Mrs. Aitken at Dumfries, "when Mr. C. left and my Doctor took me in hands. To judge from the amount of "composing draughts" given me (twice a day), I must have been very near boiling over and blow-

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ing my lid off! He [Doctor Barnes] forbade my leaving home for the present; and I shall await his permission before going anywhere. He is both a skilful and honest man; and would *not* keep me here for the sake of running up a bill—but I do feel a great longing to be on the top of a hill somewhere, to breathe more freely."

The next letter, to the Doctor's daughter, expresses the same feeling:

"5, Cheyne Row, Saturday.
[Aug. 11, 1860.]

"Little Girl! I told you how it would be! Once put off a solemn engagement, and no mortal can tell when it will come off, or whether 'the pigs' won't 'run thro it' altogether!

"The lady to whom, as I told you, I had promised a day next week, whichever day she liked, has *of course* selected Tuesday—*Ergo!*

"For Heaven's sake, when you fix the day for your marriage, *keep to it,* through thick and thin, or 'the pigs' may do something *there,* too, which will surprise you.

"On Wednesday evening I have an immensely strong-minded and strong bodied woman coming, whom I think you would hardly like to meet. To myself she is killing! But being one of that privileged class who have 'seen better days,' I am bound to let myself be killed by her now and then; with inward protest.

"Thursday is so far off, I can't say anything about *it.* I may be gone—into infinite space!

"I feel choking here. In spite of your father's composing mixture, I want to be away on the top of a hill! Any hill except Primrose Hill! Do come one morning, as early as ever you like. And tell me if you will dare the strong woman, or wait till Thursday? Friday? Saturday?—on the chance of my being off on the search for a hill I can breathe on.

Yours affectionately,
JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE."

(*Mrs. Carlyle's letters will be continued in the December* FORUM.)

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RUSSIA—THE SPHINX

By J. J. SEDERHOLM

THE perplexing mentality of the Russian, and especially of the Bolshevik, continues to be a topic of the greatest interest to all the world, as long as the unsettled conditions of Russia remain at the bottom of most of the difficulties which meet the foreign offices of all countries. Of course, nowhere that matter possesses such overwhelming interest as in the countries bordering Russia to the west, as for example, in Finland. The political-geographical position of that country was lately defined in a cablegram from a Finnish health resort to which the American Red Cross has sent over some hundred Russian children; that telegram said that people lived there at "the boundary which separates mankind from Soviet Russia."

This expression is typical of the opinions of most of the observers looking on things Russian from abroad. Also those Russians who have succeeded in passing the Chinese wall which separates Finland from Russia, bringing with them news about the misery reigning there, are rather unanimous in describing Soviet Russia simply by using the old-fashioned word hell, and consequently denouncing the Bolsheviks as devils. I have even myself, in the eagerness of a polemic, coined a name for the typical Bolshevik which is hardly more complimentary, by calling him *Caliban Cannibalovitch.* (As well known, the name Caliban, which Shakespeare invented, was originally a transcription of cannibal.) I still cling to that tremendous charge against the Bolshevik in so far that I think that there are certainly many types among them which are worthy of no better names. Many Bolsheviks are simply bandits of the most common type.

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Not all reports from Russia, however, endorse the above views. Writers and artists of renown, like Gorky, Mr. Wells, Mr. Brailsford and Mrs. Sheridan have found many attractive features in the psychology of the leaders of Bolshevism, and if you listen to Pastor Lansbury, editor of the *Daily Herald,* whose financial transactions with the Bolsheviks were a matter of so much discussion some time ago, you may think that "mankind" is on the eastern side of the boundary separating Russia from the rest of the world.

I myself have not been in Russia since the rule of Lenin began, but I left Petrograd only a few days before the Bolshevik revolution in November, 1917, after having spent the summer in northern Mongolia and the adjacent parts of Siberia, as leader of a scientific expedition. The great Russian revolution was continually going on during that time, and I have seen enough of Bolshevism to be able to judge it from my own experience. I have witnessed the riots of Russian soldiers when they have murdered their officers, and I have seen these same soldiers parading, like happy school children, with hundreds of red flags flying. I have been present at their meetings and listened to their discussions on peace and war, on Menshevism and Bolshevism. I have twice been arrested and have spent a week in a Bolshevik prison. Thus I may claim to have had an experience similar to that of the Russian "intelligentsia" whose education during the old reactionary regime was said to comprise three parts: school, university and prison. The present Bolshevik rulers of Russia seem to have taken over that, like so many other heritages of the Czaristic regime. I have even myself once been called a Bolshevik. It was while we talked in a store at Minnousinsk, in Siberia, over that inexhaustible topic, often mentioning the word Bolshevik, derived from *"bolshe,"* which means greater or bigger. A little Siberian peasant listened attentively to our words, and then a broad smile spread over his face and he said, pointing to me and my travelling companion, a gigantic Swede of the viking type: *"Vott Bolsheviki!"* (You are real Bolsheviks!)

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If it is always difficult to form any definite conception of that formless, complicated and mysterious thing which is called national character, it meets still more difficulty when a westerner tries to understand the soul of Russia. Its greatest authors have pondered in vain over the riddle of the Sphinx: What does it mean, that famous "large nature" (*shiroakaya natoora*) of the Russian nation? Many Russians of these later ages have confessed that they are entirely unable to understand their own nation.

Some of the difficulties, however, vanish if we admit at the outset that the national character is a very composite thing, often changing and never consistent.

Especially all northern nations possess in their character qualities which are absolutely conflicting. Nothing is more true about these nations than the old word which was originally said about the Swedes, that they possess "a lethargic nature full of passionateness." The northerner is like a volcano covered with snow. Irregularity, excess, belongs to his nature, inasmuch as it has not been changed by the conventionalities of society.

That is especially true concerning the Russian, because he is more unsophisticated, less changed by the influence of society than anybody else. He is a child for evil and good and his temper is as liable to sudden changes as that of any other child.

Russian soldiers who killed without mercy their officers, often behaved in a very gentle fashion to the civil people of the same town. I have once met on a day of bloodshed some of their patrols who were aware that I did not carry any red ribbon in my button-hole. They remonstrated with me, but in a very friendly way, smiling and joking.

There was nothing which the revolutionary Russian soldiers during the Kerenski period liked more than parading in big processions, waving red flags with varying inscriptions. Life had suddenly become to them a great holiday, where they had nothing to do but eat and feast, always in their best uniforms, to hold meetings and carry resolutions.

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The humble Russian heart feels no pride, and feels the shame in a different way from a westerner. The Russian God is not the God of the ten commandments; he is an indulgent God and the Russian is himself indulging and self-indulgent. "Over the portal of Russian life and literature," Stephen Graham says, "you might find the motto: 'Neither do I condemn thee.'" The Russian is extremely kind also to his children, and generally spoils them by over-forbearance.

The Russian is himself an easy sinner. When confessing his sins, it does not cause him the extreme pain which the westerner feels in humiliating himself. Many Russians take pleasure in doing so, and the belief is general that the converted sinner may attain a state of holiness which is proportionate to his sins. The simple gospel which Rasputin taught in Siberia was said to be: "Brethren and sisters, let us sin, in order that we may be sanctified!"

The credulity of the Russian towards sectarian teachers and superstition is inconceivable to a western mind. There is never a gospel so impossible that it does not find adherents. He may be told that he ought to mutilate himself in order to win Heaven, and hundreds of thousands follow that repugnant gospel. If the rumor is spread that Christ, or Mary, or a saint, will appear bodily on a certain mountain, crowds will await them there for days or weeks. A popular preacher like Johannes of Cronstadt attracts thousands of listeners, and soon a story is reported everywhere that he is a second incarnation of Christ. Even men like Iliodore or Rasputin, notorious rascals, have had crowds of followers.

In the same way all political creeds like Panslavism, Nihilism or Bolshevism attract thousands of adherents and are spreading almost like contagious diseases.

Dostoyeffski was the typical Russian, believing in the Russian soul. He thought that humility, fatalism, lack of self-assertion were the most divine qualities of man. In the soul of the cultured Tolstoy the conflict between rational western and mystic eastern ideas never entirely ceased, and he left his life an unfinished story.

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The present time of anarchy is not the first in Russian history. There was one such period of disorder, called "the great Smuta," at the time before the Romanoff family began its reign, and another one before the Russian empire was founded by the Swede Rurik. It was then that the Slavs sent their famous message to the Vikings: "Our country is great and rich, but we have no order; you may come and rule us."

That seems to be the beginning and the end of the Russian history. The exit of the last so-called Romanoff has given the signal to a new period of "smuta," and the causes lie, as I have endeavored to show, deeply buried in the geographical conditions of the country and in the national character.

Only one thing is certain: Russia will have to suffer indefinitely before things are settled again. Poor Russia, about which one of its religious teachers, the priest Florensky, has said:

As a substitute for rich men it offers beggars;
As a substitute for success it offers failure.

Always when talking about those things I hear again the plaintive refrain of the song of revolutionary Russian students, which I listened to on a White Sea steamer:

Rossýa, Rossýa, Rossýa mayá,
Byédnaya, górkaya, nyéstchastnayá:—
O you, my Russia,
My poor, bitterly suffering, ill-fated Russia!

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FREUD AND OUR FRAILTIES

By JAMES S. VAN TESLAAR

CHILDHOOD has been compared to the primitive state of mankind. Conversely, savage society is said to represent the childhood of the race. This much has been surmised here and there even during the pre-evolutionistic phase of science.

The recapitulation theory maintains that during the embryonic phase of his existence every individual repeats, in abbreviated form, of course, many of the important stages through which the human race has passed in its ascent from the lower and more primitive forms. Countless centuries of unfoldment are thus condensed and recapitulated during the brief course of our intra-uterine existence. Beginning as a uni-cellular organism, a protozoan in all respects, the fertilized human ovum becomes a metazoan, assumes shapes and forms resembling, one after another, various organisms from the simpler to the more complex, and at birth still resembles man's anthropoid progenitor more than the human race.

This is not the place to dwell on the various limitations and strictures that have been placed upon this ingenious theory as originally worked out by Haeckel and his enthusiastic pupils. It is true, for instance, that some phases of intra-uterine existence appear to correspond to a higher phyletic branch than the phases immediately following, as if, in repeating the course of the biologic unfoldment of the human race, the embryo rushed ahead a period or two, only to return to the omitted sections subsequently—exactly as one often does when telling an interesting story. This and other minor considerations in no way detract from the significance of the theory as a whole, any more than the

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enthusiastic rushing from one crucial point to another in the telling of a story full of dramatic incidents and returning to dwell on details, makes the story untrue. In their essentials the facts are sufficient to prove that the recapitulation theory is sound.

Recapitulation has been proven as a fact in physical development. May it not hold true also of mental development? May not the mind similarly recapitulate in the course of its growth the psychic unfoldment of the human race? That our mind does that very thing has long been a theoretic deduction on the part of biological investigators, though based largely on analogy.

Freud did not set out deliberately to cover the gap between atomism and evolutionism in psychology. His ambition was limited to the direct and practical task of finding out what was wrong in the case of that large number of functional disorders which ordinary methods of therapy, including hypnosis and suggestion, fail to cure. His task was a practical one, his attitude that of a specialist in nervous diseases interested in the welfare of his patients.

When Freud found that his patients suffered with "painful reminiscences," hidden or suppressed, he set to work to discover the forces that lead to suppression. He found that the reminiscences in question were linked emotionally to promptings or notions so archaic in character as to be incompatible with the dictates of culture. Persons who suffer of functional nervous or mental ailments—that is, victims of complaints having little or no physical basis, owe their condition largely to the fact that they are burdened with "unethical" and "irrational" cravings of which they are often unaware. Mental and nervous disorders having no sufficient physical basis represent attempts of the primitive psyche to break through.

This proposition, as fundamental to a proper understanding of the forces which govern human nature as it is simple, has been worked out by Freud. He found that ordinarily we are often prompted by bits of our racial past

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in the form of obscure craving, or a blind predisposition impelling us to think or do, perhaps in some round-about manner, things which consciousness would refuse openly to contemplate. Observation has shown further that manifestations of this primitive, raw, unmoral attitude, together with the "unnatural" cravings to which it gives rise, far from being exceptional, are the rule during the earlier phases of our mental existence; namely, during the preconscious phase of infancy and early childhood.

Incidentally Freud's discovery discloses that in the course of its development the individual mind repeats our racial history. The details of Freud's work amount to a restatement of the recapitulation theory in psychologic terms —showing the true course of the biologic history of the mind. For the first time in the history of science there has been disclosed to us the precise manner in which psychic recapitulation operates and its consequences.

The primordial cravings that persist are racial vestiges of the mind, remnants of our previous psychic stages. They are racial endowments belonging to early psychic stages of our individual development just as certain structures and organs of the embryo represent passing phases in the course of our physical development.

Some embryonic organs disappear when higher stages are reached; certain other organs and structures persist in more or less rudimentary form long after their functions have ceased. But unlike the embryonic parts which disappear after fulfilling whatever role they may play during the embryonic phase of our physical existence, unlike the rudimentary structures which are carried forward but lie dormant and useless in the adult stage, the vestiges of our previous mental states, our primordial cravings, our racial instincts, the infantile hallucinatory forms of thinking and feeling, persist in their raw and naked form alongside the more complex, subtle emotions, ideals and aspirations—that heritage of historic civilization which we acquire gradually in later life.

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Our raw instincts and the infantile form of their manifestations not only persist, but so long as they are allowed to remain "uncharted" within us, they compete with consciousness for mastery over our conduct.

Man's unconscious, the bearer of the racial past, the instinctive and primordial in human nature, functions long before consciousness is awakened. Its beginnings cannot be traced. It seems to be present wherever there is life, early and late. It reaches back far beyond any stage in our individual development which can be subjected to direct investigation and it extends forward over the whole course of our individual existence. We know that during its intrauterine existence the foetus already shows reactions which must have a psychic counterpart, be it ever so vague and undefinable in terms of consciousness. Certain it is that our mental life does not begin with consciousness; and consequently, any psychologic system that concerns itself with consciousness to the exclusion of the unconscious is neglecting the greater for the lesser part of our mental life.

Sleep is a state during which it is possible for the unconscious within us to find a certain vicarious expression, namely, by means of hallucinatory projections. Dreams are largely the expression of the unconscious, like the symptoms of nervous functional disorders, hence the wider significance of the meaning of both dreams and nervous symptoms, in the history of culture; hence too, the fundamental importance of Freud's discovery of the technique and principles for their interpretation in the light of biologic history.

For the first time since Darwin has given to the world his discoveries, an important corollary of his scientific theory of evolution—recapitulation—is thus proven by Freud to hold good of the psyche as well as of the body.

It happens that the ontogenetic account of the mind in the light of its phyletic history (as scientists designate the racial and individual phases of development, respectively) is of greatest practical significance. In no other field is the appreciation of the consequences of recapitulation so im-

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portant as in psychology. Thus, it is interesting to know that the appendix, for instance, is a vestigial organ representing a phase of racial existence during which man's dietary habits were what we call today "vegetarian." It is interesting to know also that certain sets of muscles around our ears prove that at one stage in his long past, man had the ability to move his ears in various directions with the agility displayed today by animals depending for safety upon acute hearing more than man does. Such remnants are tell-tale proofs of phases of man's previous racial existence—as much as the findings exhibited in our museums of natural history. They testify as to man's past habits and ways of living. But when the appendix becomes inflamed, for the person concerned, it is no longer a matter of "museum interest" only—his life may depend upon the outcome of the trouble. And if all the embryonic vestigial organs and structures were to persist and flare up into activity a difficult and serious situation would arise.

As youth passes into manhood and womanhood respectively, it learns to abide by the more refined manifestations of the instincts which make up life. But the instincts are never abandoned. They are only refined, at best.

It will be understood, of course, that the idea of recapitulation has been conceived as a principle of mental development and has been somewhat exploited long before Freud. Various attempts, some of them more ingenious than convincing, have been made to trace correspondences between the behavior of children and the life of primitive peoples, on the supposition that children and so-called savages are psychically close to each other. We have long been familiar with such expressions as, "the childhood of the human race," or "the cradle of civilization." The propensity of children for climbing, for instance, has been described as a vestigial tendency harking back, as it were, to the arboreal habits of man's ancestors. Children's games, peculiar choices, curious likes and dislikes, and many of their imageries have been similarly related. But all such observations were conjectural and highly speculative. Proof was lacking.

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It is Freud who stumbled upon the proof; and what is more, since others have brushed by close to the fact, he was the first to recognize the importance of the discovery for science. From the very first, the practical consequences of the discovery were clear to him.

The technique which Freud has evolved in connection with the analysis of symptoms and dreams for sounding, charting, and directing the whole realm of man's unconsciousness is one of the most important practical contributions of science in modern times.

The practical benefits of Freud's pioneer work have only begun to be realized. Psychology is but beginning to redeem the promise it had long held out of becoming a practical guide in the management of our every day life.

HOW SHALL I GREET YOU?

By HELEN M. FRANCIS

How shall I greet you when I come again?
Not with great words, but with memories of rain,
Music and quiet voices,
Fragrance of upland hayfields,
And from old time, with a rose's ruddy stain.

How shall I greet you when I come again?
Of your moods thinking and all the whims you feign:
Curves on a carved black necklace,
Scent of your hand, a medallion
Showing a Medici lady, wistful but vain.

How shall I greet you when I come again?
I shall remember smoke in a country lane
Blowing in thin, blue ringlets,
Trees that were dripping with silver,
Wind rippling through the willows and the grain.

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DIFFICULTIES OF THE GRAIN GROWERS

By C. H. GUSTAFSON,

President, United States Grain Growers, Inc.

GRAIN growing farmers of the United States are uniting in the greatest organized effort in the history of agriculture. Not only does the immediate prosperity of the individual farmer depend upon the success of this effort, but also the question of whether or not American agriculture is to be placed permanently upon a business-like and profitable basis is at stake.

At the outset it should be stated, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the trend of agricultural development in our country, or with the farmers' problems, that we have now arrived at a new era of agricultural development in America. First, our forefathers settled the eastern coast and mined the natural fertility of the soil. When the soil no longer produced abundant crops without attention to fertilization and rotation of crops, they moved westward to virgin soil where the process was repeated.

In the second period of our agricultural development we started with a depleted soil fertility. This, naturally, means decreased productiveness, and made necessary fertilization, modern equipment, and scientific methods of agriculture. Even with the entire family giving their whole time to the farm activities, the annual income has usually furnished only a bare living, and we have been forced to depend upon the increased value of land to furnish us with a bounty that would provide for our old age. Many farmers, rated as "wealthy land owners," are poor in pocket, and not a few have been forced to borrow against their land to provide necessary money for current upkeep and improvements.

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That second stage of American agriculture is passing. The peak of farm land prices has been reached. We will never again see the phenomenal increase in land values that we experienced in the last few decades. With an actual loss on his crop, instead of profit, facing the farmer at the end of some years, the tax on increased land values is a burden to the man who is living on his land and not speculating in land values. Particularly has this been true during the past few years when the value of farm products has been out of all proportion to the values of other commodities which the farmer must purchase.

While educational facilities have been uniformly advanced in towns and cities, it was only in the more favored agricultural districts that an attempt could be made to give the farmers' children the same advantages. Country churches supported by farmers, once prosperous, have likewise suffered, and the desirable ministers, who are fitted to direct the social and religious activities of the rural communities, can not be retained. A small percentage of farmers have been able to supply the more simple modern luxuries of home life, but the great majority are unable to purchase the labor-saving devices and modern conveniences that would lighten the burden of the farm mother, or give the children the advantages of advanced education and otherwise prepare them for a more useful and contented life. The result of these factors, bearing upon the rural school, rural church, and rural home, has had an inevitable effect upon the farmer's sons and daughters, and has impressed upon him the seriousness of the situation.

These facts present a real problem for the American farmer to solve. The farmer has been turning this problem over and over in his mind for the past few years. He has been looking for a way out. The solution which the farmer has finally advanced for his own problem is that in this, the third stage of his agricultural development, he must merchandise his own products, put agriculture on a business-like basis, and insure the realization of a reasonable profit on his annual production.

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It was this question which confronted the national conference of farmers' organizations which met in Chicago in July, 1920. All important farm organizations interested in grain marketing were represented. It was the decision of the five hundred farmer representatives present that a committee should be appointed to investigate grain marketing and make recommendations to a similar conference when they were ready to report.

So it was that the Farmers' Marketing Committee of Seventeen was originated—a farmers' investigating committee which included in its membership representatives of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Farmers Union, Farmers' National Grain Dealers' Association, Equity Cooperative Exchange, Farmers' Equity Union, Grange, and four representatives of the public—namely, American Agricultural Editors' Association, state agricultural colleges, United States Department of Agriculture, and state bureaus of markets.

The American farmer was honest enough to recognize a principle, too often disregarded in commercial enterprises; namely, that the agencies which distribute either the basic necessities of life or those necessary to content and happiness in our modern age, need to protect themselves against human selfishness to avoid injuring others. The public representation on the Committee of Seventeen is a most important section of the brief in the case of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., as it now comes before the bar of public opinion of America, and also of European countries who will likewise be its customers. The instance is without precedent.

Nearly seven months were spent in an exhaustive study of cooperative grain marketing by the Committee of Seventeen. It was my privilege to serve as chairman of that committee. Several of the best statisticians and investigators from the Federal Trade Commission and the United States Department of Agriculture were secured to compile exhaustive data on the grain trade, both domestic and ex-

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port. The best informed men in the grain trade, those opposed to cooperation as well as those who favored it, were invited to meet with the committee.

We found that seventy-two per cent of our wheat is marketed within ninety days after harvest. Hence, we incorporated, as one of the first basic principles of our marketing plan, the fact that there must be a more orderly movement of grain to market so as to avoid market gluts that play into the hands of the speculator. It is a peculiar situation when the farmer is unable to obtain credit with which to finance an orderly movement of his crops to market, and at the same time, there is plenty of money available in the market centers to buy his crops and hold for a rise in prices. It is all the more peculiar when we learn that it is the farmers' own money, as drawn from the country banks, which furnishes this ready cash in the market centers. Farmers expect to make some changes along these lines before long.

We found that some of the greatest profits are made in mixing, re-grading, and conditioning grains; and incorporated the principle that the farmer must do these jobs himself if he is to realize more nearly the market value of his crops. While acting as food administrator during the war, Herbert Hoover said: "The United States Grain Corporation, in handling in round numbers ninety million bushels of wheat, made, without wanting to do so, five hundred thousand dollars through the working of the grades." Apply that to our average wheat crop of more than seven hundred and fifty million bushels, and the sum would have exceeded four million dollars. Consider further that all wheat, corn, and other grains are graded and docked when purchased with the profits of these processes in mind. Wheat shriveled by late drought conditions just prior to harvest, has been purchased as "chicken feed" and later sold at a premium to millers because of an excellent gluten content.

We found that false market reports of foreign crop conditions give the farmer low prices, and do not lower the

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price to the consumer. When the "bears" control the market, the price is beat down by a cargo of corn from Argentine widely heralded as "heavy importations"—or a cloud in New Zealand becomes a helpful rain. But when the farmer has no grain to sell and the market is "bullish," the price to consuming channels is scooted. The New Zealand shower becomes a damaging flood. One harmless "green bug" found in wheat fields of Kansas or the Dakotas, is charged with propagating millions of his kind over night. And before the fact catches up with the excuse, the market has been forced either up or down by heavy short selling that drags the cash prices closely behind the speculative. Thus it was that the principle of an unbiased crop reporting service, on which the farmers themselves would gather and disseminate information, was included as a part of the farmers' grain marketing plan.

We found that fifty-seven times as much "grain" is sold in the pits of the Chicago Board of Trade alone, every year, as is actually marketed in the Chicago market, and that these transactions in imaginary grain effect the cash price of real grain to the detriment of producer and consumer. The commissions on the actual bushelage of three hundred and twenty-five million of all grains handled on the Chicago market last year, for instance, would give the one thousand, six hundred and seventeen members of the Chicago Board of Trade an average return of only one thousand, eight hundred dollars. Approximate commissions of around forty-nine million dollars on the eighteen billion, five hundred million bushels of "speculative" grain, however, yield an average profit of more than thirty thousand dollars to the one thousand, six hundred and seventeen members. Whether real or speculative operations, who pays the bill in the long run except the producers and consumers of grain? We included in our plan the principle that by selling direct from farmer to miller, or exporter, eliminating unnecessary speculation and manipulation, both producer and consumer would be benefited.

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We found that a Canadian cooperative export company had effected savings of from three to five cents a bushel over what privately owned export companies had exacted, and included an export selling agency in our plan.

We found numberless instances of wastage in transportation and equipment—Nebraska wheat shipped to Chicago, thence to Minnesota to be milled, and then back to Nebraska as flour—wheat received in Chicago from Kansas City, and reconsigned to St. Louis.

These details with reference to grain marketing are general illustrations of the economic situation that has been developing in our complex methods of distribution. Statistics show that on an average, out of every dollar which the consumer pays for the products of the farm, the farmer gets about thirty-eight cents. The cost of distribution is nearly sixty-two cents. Against this figure we might cite the cooperative distributing costs in Denmark which are less than ten cents. We can not reduce the cost of distribution to ten cents in America. This is especially true of grain food products, but these costs can be reduced very materially. The American farmer can add to the price of his products that difference which will swing the balance on his books from the debit to the credit side.

These were the essential points considered in the inception and development of a national farmers' grain marketing organization. The plan was explained to farmers in each of the most important grain states by the Committee of Seventeen, when it had finished its work. A national meeting of farmer delegates to further consider the plan and take formal action, resulted in its unanimous adoption. Thus the United States Grain Growers, Inc., a national, farmer-owned, farmer-controlled, strictly competitive, and strictly cooperative organization, came into existence.

This briefly presents the more important features of the farmers' marketing problem and the solution suggested by representative farmers, as a preface to taking issue with another viewpoint presented in THE FORUM recently. Par-

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ticularly, I wished to clear up any misrepresentations in regard to the origin of the United States Grain Growers, Inc.

The August issue of THE FORUM contained an article on "Problems of Grain Exchanges," by Edward Jerome Dies, in which the viewpoint of the organized private grain trade was ably presented. The writer takes no responsibility for the statements made with reference to the farmers' cooperative movement. He merely repeats oft-reiterated misrepresentations of the radical and speculative elements in the organized grain exchanges.

It is to their interest to defeat the farmers' movement because it presents a real menace to bonanza profits in the grain trade. I welcome any argument that the opposition may wish to make along economic lines, but in the main, my inclination is to disregard the flood of propaganda and misstatements of fact that the opposition is using as a first weapon.

In this connection, I only wish to point out that the implication that this farmers' grain marketing company is asking for or depending upon special or class legislation in order to solve the farmers' problems in grain marketing, is a misstatement of fact. It is true that there is a certain percentage of people who believe in seeking regulatory legislation as a panacea for all our economic ills, but they are few. The rainbow chaser who must needs be shown a grand vista of farmer-owned market channels made clear and smooth by unfair advantages given him by legislation will not be satisfied with the United States Grain Growers, Inc. While we do not seek class legislation, we farmers have reached the point where we are demanding and are going to secure—through business-like, economic, and competitive methods—equal privileges in the grain markets from which we have been barred in the past.

Officers and directors of the United States Grain Growers, Inc., have been referred to as "professional agitators" and "promotors" so frequently in the past few months that

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we no longer feel offended. It is pertinent to point out, however, that our directors are truly farmers, and that many of them are producing crops on their farms this year by their own labor.

We have no quarrel with the grain exchanges as such, or with their members. We recognize the legitimate functions which they perform as a useful service, but we unreservedly condemn the practices which they permit and which we believe to be nothing short of gambling. We are not alone in these contentions. Some of the strongest and most reputable firms on the grain exchanges, who are as outspoken against unnecessary speculation and market manipulation as farmers, will have no hesitancy in endorsing my statement.

The radical element of the grain exchanges who see in the farmers' cooperative movement a real menace to the operations which allow fortunes to be built up on speculative margins of short sales to the economic disadvantage of both producer and consumer, will declare that my statement is founded on an economic fallacy. They will explain laboriously, as did a former president of the Chicago Board of Trade, before a congressional committee, how the great volume of speculative dealings in grain prevents, rather than aids, manipulation of prices.

It was a peculiar coincidence that the Chicago market should shortly afterward furnish an example, and a most conclusive one, in refutation of that argument. When the market opened on Friday morning, the twenty-first of last January, all the news had been optimistic. The import needs of wheat and rye of European countries were two hundred and eighty million bushels in excess of the total surplus of exporting countries, according to the official report of the United States Bureau of Crop Estimates. The market opened bullish, and wheat advanced to two cents a bushel over the previous day's close. It is reported that the Armour interests began selling March wheat, literally "dumping" large blocks of holdings. Within three hours, the price of

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March wheat dropped more than six cents in Chicago, and thirteen cents in Minneapolis. (Please note that Minneapolis is the real cash market of our country.)

And did this little deal in "futures" have any effect on cash prices? Government market representatives make no attempt to assign causes, but the official report summarizes the effect as follows:

> Not only were futures lower in all markets, *but cash prices declined more than futures.* The net changes on Saturday, the twenty-second, as compared with a week ago, were as follows: Chicago, March wheat, six and five-eighths cents lower; Minneapolis, March wheat, thirteen cents lower; Kansas City, March wheat, seven cents lower; Winnipeg, May wheat, seven and three-fourths cents lower.
>
> It will be noted that the declines in the different markets were fairly even except in the case of *Minneapolis March wheat, which declined twice as much as Chicago, and almost twice as much as Kansas City.*
>
> *Cash prices followed the futures down,* but the premium on cash wheat decreased, and the difference under the futures in the case of corn widened.

Other incidents could be quoted but limited space prevents. Contrary to the fact as illustrated above, proponents of unlimited speculation declare that the large volume of future trading acts as a cushion—preventing rapid declines or advances in price. Perhaps it is a pneumatic cushion, which might explain why it is occasionally punctured.

We have a very definite protest to make against a grain marketing machine which functions in the manner which the following brief newspaper clipping illustrates:

> OMAHA CORN KING CLEANS
> UP $500,000 IN MAY WHEAT
>
> Omaha, Nebr., June 2.—George A. Roberts, Omaha Corn King, cleaned up half a million dollars in May wheat, according to reports on the Omaha Grain Exchange. Roberts refuses to name the amounts of his winnings, but acknowledges a tidy sum. Roberts cleaned up $3,000,000 on corn in a single year during the war. When hostilities broke out he was doing a small cash grain business in Omaha.

Some may call it speculation; others may apply the specific term of gambling. Call it what you will, it is certain that the returns are out of all proportion to legiti-

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mate service rendered. It is significant that we have reached that point in our grain marketing operations where a half million dollar "clean-up" is worth only an inch and a half in the newspapers.

The proponents of reckless speculation in the products of the farm would have the producer and consumer believe that speculation affects neither the price paid to the farmer, or the price charged the consumer. One speculator loses, another wins his loss, is the explanation advanced. But in answer to the statement that the speculators live off each other, the farmer points to the time-worn example of the lousy swine and asks whether the lice live off each other or the hog.

The objectionable features of the organized grain trade have been the cause of protests of both farmers and the general public again and again. Occasional "house-cleanings" on the part of private grain exchanges have meant only temporary reform. Trading in "puts" and "calls," supported by only the radical, speculative element of the grain exchanges, and recognized as one of the cheapest forms of gambling, was recently legislated against by the Capper-Tincher bill. When it was learned that both houses of Congress would adopt the bill, to become effective four months hence, the Chicago Board of Trade announced its decision the next day to immediately eliminate trading in "puts" and "calls." The Chicago *Daily Tribune* made pointed editorial comment on this action, under the caption "An Assisted Reform," to the general effect that "by postponing its decision * * * the Chicago Board of Trade indicates that in the matter of deathbed repentances, it is keeping just one jump ahead of the undertaker." Farmers know that the radical element dominate the grain exchanges, and we can expect no reform from the exchanges themselves except "assisted reforms."

Farmers have no expectation of accomplishing needed reforms through legislation. It is an economic proposition, and the desired changes must be accomplished through eco-

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nomic channels in a competitive way. We do not even have the thought that all existing agencies will be driven out of business through competition. There is a conservative faction in the exchanges who will continue to conduct their business with little change. Others will be forced to make changes to survive. The remainder will find it necessary to direct their efforts along lines that are useful and necessary activities in the grain business, if they continue to exist. Every needed reform in the grain business of our country will be brought about eventually by reason of the wholesome influence which farmer competition will present.

The farmers' cooperative elevators stood against the combined opposition of boards of trade, the boycott of grain commission companies, and the pooled interests of line elevators, until today they contribute to the prosperity of more than five thousand grain growing communities. The cooperative elevators succeeded because they were right; because they were a protest against dishonest practices and discrimination.

In the same way the United States Grain Growers, Inc., will succeed. It will be a hard fight. It will be a battle every inch of the road. But the United States Grain Growers, Inc., will succeed because its program is sound and business-like, and because the principle of farmers marketing their own crops cooperatively and protecting their own interests, is right.

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WILL THE CONFERENCE AID BUSINESS?

By FREDERICK W. GEHLE

THOSE men who, at the invitation of President Harding, are to meet at the Washington conference in November, have a power and responsibility which has been given to few men in international history. Mr. Lloyd George, in an address at Inverness on October fourth, said of the conference that "if it is wisely approached and conducted in a broad, courageous spirit, it will constitute one of those outstanding events which should affect human history for generations to come." Scanning world affairs, intelligent observers cannot help but appreciate the deep truth of the British Premier's statement.

Those who believe themselves acquainted with the forces that acted through the administration for the calling of the November conference profess to see many reasons for the limiting of discussion to two or three major questions; to the question, for example, of the Pacific; and to the question of relative strength of armaments. From Washington comes the statement that inasmuch as those who attend the conference will be working with strange and fragile material, they must of necessity definitely limit themselves to a few questions and not seek to open for debate an entire series, which, failing of settlement, would make it appear as though the conference had failed. We hear it said over and over that failure of the conference would be a disaster to the democracy of the world; hence political instincts prompt Washington to expect that whatever may be the discussions of the representatives of America, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, they will not grapple with those problems which are of an economic and financial nature and which are directly traceable to the exhaustion of the war, and to the faultiness of the Treaty of Versailles.

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Would that it might be otherwise! Armament and Pan-Pacific problems press heavily on the human heart, but pressing even more heavily are the economic and financial problems that are the legacy of the greatest economic crime of all history—the world war of 1914-18. After all, we do not delude ourselves any more regarding the consequences of the war, or regarding the progress of reconstruction. Though the outcome of the struggle may have been such that the world is now made "safe for democracy," and though each of the nations that emerged victorious may now be "fit for heroes"—these things were promised during the heat of the fight—we know that the victory, whatever we gained therefrom, was the costliest single thing the world ever bought, and that payment is being exacted in a way that bends men's backs and makes their minds fail them when they contemplate the future.

Our position of isolation in the United States is not, after all, one that gives a true perspective to the problems involved. It is only when an American leaves his own country and goes abroad to learn what the people are thinking and doing that he gains an insight into the real condition of affairs. From 1914 to 1918 we were physically removed from the seat of the conflict, and in the same way we are physically removed today from the great problems of reconstruction for which Europe is the stage. Yet, physically distant though we are, we dare not for a moment forget that our destiny is as much tied up with those problems as it was with the problems of the war; nor dare we shirk our responsibility and opportunity to give a direction to men's efforts and thoughts, with the end in view of a return to a wholesome and normal evolution of society.

Perhaps, after all, it is asking too much of the men who are to meet at Washington to burden themselves with these problems, and in the time allotted, to seek to solve them to the satisfaction and in the interest of all. An immediate solution is beyond human ability. But what is not beyond human ability is the initiation of a movement out of which

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might come a concrete plan for a joint attack upon those economic evils which are confounding the world and which are standing squarely in the way of a return to health.

A war so wasteful and of such magnitude as that for which Europe was the stage for four years, and a fixing of peace terms so drastic and far-reaching as those written at Versailles, made it inevitable that the recuperation period would be painfully drawn out. Yet it is only as the months have gone on, and as time has unfolded one problem after another in its full complexity, that Europe itself has come to an appreciation of its conditions, and of the difficulties involved in that condition. So many of these difficulties are of an economic nature that it may be of interest to set down the headings of the chief of them.

The buying power of millions of people, especially in Russia, Germany and Austria, is severely curtailed, or has broken down altogether.

Credit relations are disorganized, and there is no machinery set up for speedy reorganization.

Currencies are debased and in some countries almost worthless, and progress toward restoring the gold standard, or establishing any other standard, is slow.

Lack of credit and instability of exchanges have paralyzed the whole scheme of international commerce.

Debts and taxes are heavy and the burden is telling on the people.

I have heard the remark made with recurring frequency lately, that a breakdown of Europe's economic structure would, after all, be no matter of direct or vital concern to America. The war, having ended three years ago, and our political leaders having repeatedly declared themselves hostile to outside affiliations, I have heard the view expressed, even among usually careful thinkers, that we should return to our old position of comfortable economic isolation, letting other countries shoulder their own troubles. It is imperative that the attitude of mind responsible for this be corrected before it is assumed by enough people to lead directly to disaster. America is directly and vitally concerned with what goes on in the markets of the world's credit and trade, and vital as the disarmament and Pacific questions may be, they do not transcend those questions which deal with the

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immediate welfare of the social and economic system of the whole world, of which we are a part. The problems of Europe embrace so many hazards that if the conference did nothing else, beyond fulfilling its original purpose, it might outline these problems, so that America might promptly invite another conference for their settlement.

It is not simply a matter of international politics that concerns us; it is a matter of our own future welfare, for whether we like to think so or not, Europe is a major influence in the determination of that. We must not be permitted to miss the logic of the existing situation, or ignore the conclusion that from the point of view of our own selfish interest, if from no other, we are vitally concerned in the return of normal conditions to the affairs of other countries.

As a nation we have set ourselves definitely against political interference in the affairs of the outside world. But as a people we have a business stake in the outside world which makes it imperative for us to take a position, economically, that will protect ourselves and our interests as the days run on. Our economic stake in world affairs is represented at present by eighteen billion dollars of funded and unfunded debts owed to us from overseas; it is represented in an American productive capacity which has been built to such proportions that it must have a large volume of export trade for its full employment; it is represented by international credit and trade policies that we cannot abandon. We have a large reason, then, to exercise our economic power for the world's betterment, and adapt our course to the fundamental principles upon which world progress must be based. Europe's leaders maintain that the United States is absolutely necessary to Europe's recuperation; as for ourselves, we must come to appreciate how much Europe's recuperation is necessary to our welfare.

The financial difficulties abroad cast a deepening shadow over the world, and the business of production and distribution are handicapped in such a measure that millions of people, not only in Europe, but in America, are at the pres-

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ent moment deprived of the opportunity to work. The world's work has been brought to a standstill to a degree we have never witnessed before, and unemployment has risen to figures that appal the statisticians. Is there no significance in the fact that unemployment in the United States runs to something like six million persons, and in the accompanying fact that the exchanges of the outside world have depreciated so much that the dollar stands in foreign markets at an elevation that inhibits purchase of goods in America? During the war, and in the boom period succeeding the armistice, other people bought American goods either because they were compelled to do so by necessity, or because they were relatively cheap. Also, because we granted credit. Now, although in many instances the necessity continues, American goods are no longer cheap, when prices are stated in terms of foreign currencies, and, moreover, we have drawn ourselves in very severely so far as the granting of credits is concerned. The buying of raw materials and manufactured products for export from the United States is therefore only one-third the volume that was attained at the peak of our prosperity of two years ago.

Examples of the way in which Europe's financial troubles react on us are innumerable; however, one will suffice to illustrate. Planters in the southern states are urgently seeking an outlet for their principal product, cotton; manufacturers in Germany are urgently seeking raw materials with which to keep their factories and mills occupied, and one of the chief of these raw materials is cotton. One hundred bales of cotton in Germany before the war cost the spinner something like thirty thousand marks, and the purchase was readily financed by the banks of Berlin, Lonlon, or New York. An equivalent amount of cotton (now that currency debasement has brought the German mark down so far as to make its buying power less than that of a cent) today costs the spinner something like one million three hundred thousand marks. Were the spinner able to finance readily the transaction, and were he assured of a

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profit on his operation, even this cost would not deter him from buying his raw product in America; but credit of the proper nature is largely withheld, and the German mark is so unstable that the spinner is checkmated at every turn from doing that which he seeks to do, and that which the American planter counts upon him to do, in order that cotton may move.

Germany's finances are in a precarious condition. Her currency is being debased more and more every day by the issue of tens of millions of paper marks which have no good value. The taxes paid by the people are not sufficient to do more than one-third of the government's ordinary expenses, hence the printing of the paper money is destined to go on. You cannot give value to paper money simply by placing on that money the name of the government's treasurer. Value can be produced only by production and savings. Germany's production and thrift, however, are not sufficient to build her up, or for that matter, even to meet the tide of the stupendous indemnity obligations that have been heaped on her under the terms of the Versailles Treaty. In order to secure one billion gold marks for payment of the September first instalment of the indemnity, Germany was compelled to issue more than twenty billion paper marks; these paper marks were literally sold for gold just as any other commodity might be sold.

The hollowness of the German economic situation must lead to a crisis after which the real place of Germany in the world's economic scheme will manifest itself. The German people are among the most productive and intelligent of the world; they manifested this during the war. They cannot, of course, be permitted to avoid the penalty of their great crime against the world. But the mere fact that, under the anesthetic of inflation they would seem to be prospering, should not delude America. Terms of the German reparations play a part in the world's present troubles; a question which the conference might consider is this: will the indemnity demands be insisted upon, or will they be

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ameliorated in such a manner that the payments will not injure the beneficiaries? In order to meet the reparations, Germany, under the present terms, must pay great sums of gold in the near future, and then must export every year for the next several generations one billion dollars more of manufactured goods than it imports, in order to pay the Allies what it owes. These terms, insisted upon, might mean disastrous competition with France, England, and America. It certainly was not the intention of the Peace Council to build Germany up, and to tear the Allies down. Here, then, is a subject for the attention of the world's leaders that is a crucial one.

The economic woes of Europe are the outcome both of the war and of the treaty of peace. They spring from the destruction of international confidence and the refusal to grant credit. They can be swept away only as international confidence is restored and credit is granted. There must be a way out. Everybody who is experiencing the woes keeps saying so. Everybody knows that this is something that *has* to be true, and although America is distant from the shores of Europe, most Europeans think the initiative must come from America. That is why they refuse to take steps in the direction of cancelling debts and indemnity claims, re-establishing gold foundations for currency, stabilizing the exchanges, or extending long time commercial credits, until we assume a place of leadership and give direction to their affairs.

It is a proud position we occupy, but it is one of tremendous responsibility. This summer, in Berlin, Paris, and London, the writer was impressed time after time by the faith placed in America, and by the sublime confidence that out of this country will come the light and strength that will guide the stricken world to a better day.

America cannot, and of course will not, try to assume a direction of world economic affairs without an understanding of all the circumstances involved. Economic affairs cannot mend except as social and political affairs also mend,

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and it is here that the attention of the world is gravely needed. People dwelling in harmony with one another in the United States cannot, perhaps, appreciate the degree in which industry and finance abroad are brought at every turn under the dominance of other than purely economic factors. Americans who have gone abroad this year have been especially surprised to find on the Continent an atmosphere of nervous exaggeration, affecting whole people, of self-righteousness, self-pity, distrust, and vengeful wrath. Though the war ended three years ago, and though peace is ostensibly established, daily discussions concern themselves less with matters of reconciliation and reconstruction than with disputed territories and borders, with racial and trade animosities, with indemnity demands, and with peace treaty resentments. Whether it is because feelings were stirred too deeply by the war to be readily allayed, whether it is the faultiness of the peace treaty that is showing its harmful consequences, or whether it is that the reconstruction burdens are too heavy, it is manifest that men and nations are not pulling together. Here is a matter of extreme gravity; it is a matter in which this country cannot interfere, but it is one which the Washington conference can rightly discuss.

Briefly, the world requires:

A restored peace of mind, which can come only by conciliation of hostile purposes and a mutual understanding of the tasks that are ahead.

A speeding of production and commerce, so that the waste of the war may be made up and millions of men given employment.

An ending of the progressive debasement of the world's currencies, and a stabilizing of the international exchanges.

An accounting of the assets and liabilities of every nation, and a definite understanding by each of the obligations it is called upon to meet.

An establishment of international credit relations so that loans may be made with safety, and so that people of sound credit may be enabled to re-start the wheels of their industry and commerce.

What the unhappy world requires can be summed up thus briefly in five paragraphs; how the unhappy world is to gain what it needs will require more than merely their enumeration. Conciliation and a sympathetic effort toward

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reconstruction must come if the remedies are to count for anything. Those who were responsible for the Versailles peace missed the fundamental basis of peace and reconstruction. They sought to establish the future amity of mankind upon the basis of frontiers. Amity is not a matter of frontiers; it is a matter of understanding.

Is it possible that those who attend the Washington conference will seek to reverse the process and take steps to undo the harm that has come through the faultiness of the peace treaty? Education, conciliation, and a mutual understanding are today the world's needs; they must come if men are to work together to overcome the ghastly legacy of the war. Given a sympathetic understanding, an organized economic program will be fruitful of good results. True, that economic program cannot wait for sympathies; the speeding of the world's production, and the providing of food and comfort cannot be delayed until men's minds are slowly made over. It is an urgent necessity that the finances of Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain be established on a stable base; the gravest results would follow a breakdown of the credit of the weakest of these. Peace, production, credit, these are the essential remedies for the world's disorders. The Washington conference has within its power the writing of the prescription. Will it make the effort?

A COLLOQUY

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Said I, with a heart of the sea too full,
"I am tired of wind—and wave—and gull.
There is no more bliss for me in far sails,
And nothing is left, since beauty fails!"

Said I: "With a chest of gold doubloons,
Is God but a miser of suns and moons?
Will He spend no more of them still to give
Me beauty by which alone I live?"

Said I: "He ought, for better or worse,
To spend on beauty the Universe."
Said He: "What else is the meaning, fool,
Of your thirst no quaffs of beauty cool!"

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THE LAW OF DIVINE CONCORD

By CHASE S. OSBORN

(*Continued from the October* FORUM)

THE central generator and storehouse of heat is the sun, which is also the lighting plant of the Universe as we know the Universe. Our knowledge of the Universe is incomplete, with all the advances that have been made, but our knowledge is sufficient for all of our present purposes. When it is not we will receive more, just as we have been fed with knowledge up to our capacity since the beginning. Herein we find the reason for our growth from the start and the assurance of our continued development. The atmosphere is one of the chief laboratories of God: our lungs automatically appropriate the air as our eyes do the light, and our nerves, the heat. What we commonly term nourishment is stored in the earth but that is not all. Both man and the earth are fed by light, heat, air and all they mean and contain. In these things we do not have to cross the threshold of conjecture. In our search for the laboratory of knowledge we shall be compelled to take some things for granted, others as analogical, and conclude that the performance of a vehicle is a clue to its purpose, its origin and its location.

We know that there are two atmospheres. The nearest one to the earth is the collisional atmosphere. It is filled to saturation with micro-microscopic particles that are a tremendous force. If they were not so minute they might be named aerial colloids, although they are not determinable by the ordinary methods of dialysis. These particles are in a high state of excitement and agitation all of the time. They impinge against each other continually and their im-

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pacts and impulses are both regular and harmonious when undisturbed by electrical and radial forces. These contents of the air give the atmosphere coherency, elasticity and even a degree of what may be termed solidity. They create a responsible condition that permits the flowing or movements of currents around and about the earth more freely and more dependably than the flowing of currents of the ocean, which is only referred to as an illustration. These aerial currents or waves communicate themselves sympathetically to the earth and thus set up, or become, terrestrial waves. Best known of these is the Hertzian wave or waves. It is by projecting an artificially created wave or vibration into the Hertzian waves that wireless messages are sent. There is no difficulty in sending them but it is another problem to catch or receive them. The message, once it impinges the Hertzian wave, is carried to the confines of the collisional atmosphere and can only be caught, intercepted, or registered by an instrument in perfect attunement with the sending instrument. Compared with their ultimate radius these message waves soon become so tenuous that any receiving or registering instrument made by man is too coarse to be affected by their delicate impressions. But the registering equipment of man himself is the work of the Creator and is undoubtedly finer even than what is commonly regarded as mechanistic, including in some connections and in some messages the conscience. It is not necessary to go into the question of what is the conscience, beyond the declaration that it is a registrar of moral knowledge and so accurate that it must be set aside before those of its registrations we wish to reject can be disposed of.

The collisional atmosphere is filled with knowledge waves that are of the same nature physically as the light and heat waves. Man is continually registering these consciously or unconsciously. When the record is a complete one it is appropriated, arranged, applied and transmitted; used in any way that can be of service to humanity.

Beyond the collisional atmosphere is another atmosphere

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called the krenal atmosphere. For detailed matter about the krenal atmosphere I will refer you to the writings of that greatest physicist and cosmic philosopher, Professor Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin of the University of Chicago and former president of the University of Wisconsin. This krenal atmosphere is purely ethereal. It is in a state of perfect tranquillity. There is no contest, no agitation, no unrest of any kind. All that can be said at present is that it is an ideal place and condition to be God's laboratory of knowledge. The geography of the krenal atmosphere in the universe would make it a neutral ground between, not only the planets of our solar system, but would constitute a convenient location for contacting the worlds of the other systems. It is not unlikely that they are surrounded by collisional atmospheres also. All that would be necessary to transmit knowledge from the krenal atmosphere to all the worlds would be to project the knowledge waves into the collisional atmospheres that, as in the case of our own, touch the borders of the tranquil zone.

The first knowledge that came to mankind on this earth after the instinctive automatic equipment he was born with, was calculated to define man's social status; his relation, duty, attitude, responsibility to his fellow man. This is equally true in all history and protohistory, whether Chinese, Brahminical, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Christian, or any and all others. The early registrations were correct and completely the truth, just in degree as those who made them were in perfect harmony with the God source. In the case of the Christian prophets who walked and talked with God and gave us the Bible, there was perfect concord, and the result was perfect registration of pure truth. Errors have crept in from time to time through translations and transmissions by human agencies. It is quite one thing to make an original registration and another to keep it pure and unblemished down through the ages. Christ was a Master Registrar of God's word. In that sense he was the Son. Zarathustra was nearly in harmony and set

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down much that was truth. Laotse was as faithful an agent of God as Zarathustra. Confucius was not as complete and as comprehensive as Laotse. Buddha tried volitionally to put himself in condition to receive the truth and caught a great many valuable principles. Krishna failed to make himself much of a medium, and Mohammed failed more miserably than any. There was just one Master and he was the Nazarene who became the Son by virtue of perfect oneness. The others were not intentionally false prophets but were not in concord. It is no doubt true that many or some of them came at a time when the world was not ready for all the truth. Their advent helped the world on its way. Is the world ready for Christ? It is for the world to say.

I *do not* know what and where is God. I *do* know what and where is God. These statements sound contradictory but they are not. All I know is God, and all I do not know is God. You may call God the Great Force, or Cosmos, or Father, or Nature, or whatever you wish, and it does not matter except that it is a little confusing at times. If we call Him God then all of us know what we are struggling to mean, and when we do not call Him God we are generally sidestepping or hairsplitting. If it would not seem odd and be confusing in a degree, or posing, I would prefer to call God Mother instead of Father. He was called Father first in a period when the masculine was everything, and the greater value of the feminine had not been realized or acknowledged.

Where is God?

He is everywhere, nowhere, near, far, quite beyond the finite, and in the tiniest nook of the heart. He is personal and impersonal. He is all I can feel as well as know, and anything that I wish Him to be. It does not matter what He is, or what I think He is. It only matters that He is the All in All, plus the All in All. These words are only a struggle to do the impossible in stating God. I see Him in the eyes of every human being, in the face of the babe, in the glory of a mother's love, in the loveliness of the

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violet, in the gorgeousness of the rose, in the vastness of the ocean, in the majesty of the sky, in the tunefulness of the wind, in the gurgling brook, in all the rhythmic courses and processes of nature. God is life. God is consciousness. God and Life and Consciousness are One.

When I am the custodian of life and consciousness I am the host of God. When life and consciousness come to the new-born babe they come together; when they go they go together; but they do not go far because they are God, and are as indestructible as God. Since the beginning there has been the contest as it were between the thing called death and the thing called life, and all the time it has been related only to the physical, involving only the perishable; only a disintegration to make way for a more perfect reintegration. In this competition if the thing called death were to have been victorious, and if it involved life as life at all, life long ago would have passed out from the earth. But it has been only the wrecking of a broken tenement to make way for a better one; it is progress.

God as Life takes what will manifest Him in whatever way of service He desires to appear or function. When He is through with His instrument He clears it away for better things. The groan of the old man passing is in chorus with the lusty crowing of the new-born babe. The process is a beautiful one and is imitated by man in his poor way as he junks that which has served him, and has become useless or obsolete. Nor is there time or age. So far as life is concerned birth and death are the same. Release of life by the act called death is a birth, and well might it be acclaimed a beautiful adventure. Just as life is all about us, in and of everything, so the life that was manifested for a time in human form cannot go far away when it is released to rejoin the life of which it was always a part. The act may be fittingly referred to as one of restoration. Nor is there destruction of consciousness because life and consciousness are one, inseparable and indestructible.

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If we so elect or permit, our lives may be a rhythm. In a great degree the entire matter is within our own volition. We cannot prevent God from making use of us as a vehicle or an instrument. On the positive side of our volition we can elect to be in harmony with the Divine ethos, and when we are, there is a peace that can be won in no other way. It is the silent joy of the natural Christian, the ecstasy of the yogi amounting to a state of spiritual and psychological excitement bordering upon insanity, the firm conviction of the Christian Scientist, and a tranquil feeling of safety and satisfaction that is often expressed by the declaration that God is in His heaven and all is well with the world. Everything is a poem. We are singing in the choir invisible. This concord, this attunement, is an artistic rhythm as are all manifestations of God. By way of rhythmic illustration, how wonderful and yet how simple is the coming of the rain. The sun distils the water from the ocean so gradually and so delicately that first to be seen is the faintest cirrus cloud; then the cirro-cumulus, then the cumulus, cumulo-nimbus and nimbus. During the process of aerial saturation the act of transportation is going on and the clouds are driven by regular and irregular winds. Finally they encounter a cold current and are precipitated. Emptying their contents upon the ground the water finds its way into the capillaries of the earth, thence into the arteries, and on to the sea again, only to be carried over and over again to the thirsty earth in beauteous repetition. And so all is attunement; the precession of the equinoxes, the return of the solstices, lunar procession, planetary revolution, our earth's axial revolution and its orbital flight bringing regularly the sunrise and the seasons. To be a part of this poem of life is supernal happiness. How wrong then has been the ruling urge of man up to the present time. He has found no permanent joy; no real happiness. The trail end has found him nervous and afraid. Rewards of selfishness are not rewards at all. Our chief address has been accumulation of money or its equivalent;

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our education is to that purpose. It all means meanness and the riding of man by man, provoking wars, misery, loss, bitterness and the things that entrain with these.

It is for man to elect; it is his responsibility, it is his volition, whether he continues the way of discord and woe, or attunes himself with God and reforms humanity and rebuilds the world. How may he do this? First he must resolve to do it and to do it himself. It is a fine avocation of the present to reform our brother and not to think of ourselves personally as imperfect. This is good business, or would be if only it would work. The trouble is it arrives nowhere. So it is most evident that one must begin with one's self. It may or may not be of swift achievement. The outlook is that if we begin right now it will consume generations. After the resolution is made how are we to proceed? There is so much to do, but it is not hopeless. The very first sure step is to join some church, and it does not matter much which one as long as it is a church of Jesus Christ.

But you will say perhaps that the church does not appeal to you, that it is as bad as everything else, and no doubt you will be near the facts. Who is responsible for what the church is? You are, by your neglect of it. If it is not what you think it should be, join it and make it what you think it should be. The church is just exactly what man makes it. If it is to be a Christian organization and a Christian force, man must make it that. In order to do so there must be many wreckings and clearings away of débris. The very first thing to set up in a place so prominent in heart and mind and church as to be forever in sight, as the only guidance, is the fact and the admission that the only guidance is the law of God, as expressed and exemplified by Christ. If the modern church can really be made a church of Christ, the biggest start possible has been made in the direction we wish to go. This will necessarily lead to destruction of old standards and the creation of new ones. The very first old standard to be junked, will be that one

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by which we have heretofore judged success as being the winning of riches and power. In its place we must erect the true standard that the giving to society is the way, and its measure is how much we give, instead of how much we can take away. After we have convinced ourselves that this new standard is the right one we shall have to reorganize public and private education. At this moment all education has for its primary object the fitting of the pupil for taking rather than giving. This is true, despite the fact that society thinks its salvation depends upon education—and it does, but upon education of the right kind. We are busily educating unconscious and unintentional burglars who are trained skilfully to take as much and give as little as possible. This is not the worst phase of modern education—it is that it is builded upon the assumption that successful taking is the roadway to happiness; which is to say that having, is happiness. In turn this developes false sensory wants in a degree that cannot be satisfied, and leads to discontent on the part of those who are taught that the goal of life is the satisfaction of the palate in one way or another. Those who are poor are those who have not the softening luxuries of life, and those who are rich are the ones who have these things, and both classes are unhappy.

Education must erect a new standard of values for life on the true basis that after the sense wants are taken care of, up to the point of physical need, then happiness is only to be found in the heart that is attuned to God. The rich are forever traveling from one place to another in search of something they hope and believe can be bought with money, but they carry with them their discordant hearts, and find that for them, happiness is always just beyond the next range of hills that frame the sky line. It is the same with the poor, who really are as poor as the poor rich. They too believe that if they only possessed money to buy what they would, they thus certainly could find joy and peace and contentment; their children would be as

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good socially as the young of the poor rich, and the problems of life would solve themselves. Their malady is heart disease, and not far different from that of the rich; the one class is suffering from a mighty heart hunger, and the other from the cankers of envy and malice, both the victims of a false system of education. In the long run the balances would be the same if the competitions of life were those of giving rather than taking, and there would be always a better taste in the mouth of mankind; there would be no heart hunger, no bitterness, no envy, no malice, no war, no woe; all joy of living; no fear of death. Education, in order to accomplish this result, should consist primarily of teaching the fact that to know God is to be educated, and that to be in attunement with Him is to do all things that are worth doing and all that should be done. There would come swiftly with this admission a sense of the obligations of education and a keen desire to discharge them; then those who should be master leaders and servitors of society will become such, instead of being master exploiters, as now.

UNSALTED SEA

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

The tranquil ships that journey to your feet
You drug with a sick breeze like chloroform,
And shove them slyly to the waiting storm.
Lithe freighters bearing copper or cool wheat,
Stately as women of proud-throated grace,
You claim with brutish frenzy and you seize;
Then slap them in the mud upon their knees
As you guffaw with winds and twitch your face.

Beyond your headlands prostrate in the night,
Small icy stars gleam down on upright hulls
Protruding like sharp knives in dead men's skulls.
Where unkempt towns climb back as if in fright
The shore-lights leer together, desolate,
And in your waters plunge and grossly mate.

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SCANDINAVIA'S PROBLEM

By GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

(*Continued from the October* FORUM)

COMING then through the personalities of their different ministers to consider Scandinavian points of view, we find that interesting as are their attitudes upon foreign affairs, even more so are they upon domestic development. From these latter we may learn much of immediate practical use for ourselves. The middle man in America has become intolerable; if you doubt it, ask the housekeeper in any of our city homes, or better still, question the farmer watching the undue profits of the middleman, not only reducing his own proper gain, but also interfering with the free transfer of farm products to the consumer so greatly needing them. And what are we going to do about it? Nowhere is the answer so fully and so promptly answered as in Denmark. Not only have its wise folk met and answered this question, but also they no longer need a "back to the farm" crusade for they are already back there, and likewise widely contented with the farmer's lot. Furthermore, Denmark is today the only European country that not only feeds herself, but also exports food products. Cooperation among Danish farmers has cut out the middle man, and government loans to worthy men willing to take up small farms result in ninety per cent of her farmers owning their own lands. Note the expression "worthy folk," for Denmark is developing character as a by-product of agriculture. By requiring proof of character in applicants for farm loans, the government has put such a premium thereon that even if for no higher reason than "honesty is the best policy,"

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their farm loan system is proving of utmost value to the nation's soul.

A staunch advocate of this highly beneficial loan system is Prime Minister Neergard. Son of a Protestant clergyman and born in 1854, Mr. Neergard after a brilliant career at the University of Copenhagen supplemented his work as editor and successful man of affairs by a keen interest in politics. As a result of a long career in Parliament, commencing in 1887, he has held several Cabinet positions, almost always serving as now—as Minister of Finance. He calls himself a Moderate Radical, but his compeer in Norway, more radical than he, points out that Neergard is frequently aided in his projects by conservative votes from the Centre and Right of Parliament. He was Prime Minister in 1908-9, and holds that responsibility at present. In my conversation with this tall, gaunt statesman, whose convincing eyes and pleasant simplicity of manner detract from his otherwise striking resemblance to Bismarck, I remarked that it struck interested foreigners that his government had made of Denmark a "character farm." The idea seemed novel to him, and led to his telling in considerable detail the workings of their farm loan system. Because these loans are so easily obtainable by worthy would-be farmers and are available in such comfortable amounts (reaching ninety per cent of the land value in some cases) everybody mortgages his land, which means that the farmer operates with sufficient capital—not always the case with us. The continued and growing demand for these small farms maintains their value and ready salability, so that even if an occasional farmer fails, the government loses nothing on the mortgage loan. Owing to the careful farming of these small holdings, the land supports more than twice as many people as in England. The frugality taught by farm life is reflected in the fact that fifty-two per cent of the Danes have deposits in savings banks, whereas only eleven per cent of Americans have.

It is doubtful if agricultural coöperation would succeed

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as it does in Denmark if the farmers were only tenants, but there they are all freeholders, and that means better citizens. Not only has this small farm movement turned the earlier swing toward the cities back again to the land, but also it has notably decreased Danish emigration, which proves that widespread content has replaced a condition of unrest.

A new law went into effect November fourth, 1919, which is certainly novel and in a sense revolutionary, but which seems to be working well, although even the Prime Minister admits it is still too early to pronounce it a complete success. In the old days Denmark was divided into large estates, and in the case of the nobles, so entailed that a nobleman could not sell any of it even if he wished to. This new law (acting upon the theory that as the Crown originally granted all estates, so the Crown can withdraw part or all of such grants) provides for the compulsory breaking of all entails, the confiscation of a quarter of all entailed estates, and the surrender of another one-third upon cash payment by the State. Although this brought forth vigorous protests from the large landed proprietors, government officials now feel that even with that class, it is becoming popular, as a man can today obtain money for land he was formerly forbidden to sell. Incidentally, this concession to the Socialist element has had a marked effect in freeing Denmark from Bolshevist agitation.

When we turn to observe the effect of agricultural coöperation upon Danish life, we are positively startled. In less than half a century, a quarter of a million Danish farmers have formed nearly half a million coöperative agencies to handle all their selling and buying. And with what result? Forty years ago the milk supply was in shocking condition and infant mortality deplorable. Now a coöperative society sends daily to each farm to collect the milk. It is weighed, and the weight credited to each farmer. Then it is sampled, and woe to the farmer whose milk falls below grade! Lastly, it is prepared for market and delivered

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thereto. All the farmer has to do is milk his cows and receive his profits. The effect of this careful handling of milk upon infant mortality has of course been to reduce it to negligable figures. The portion of the milk devoted to butter is never touched by hand after it leaves the cow. Denmark's butter exports have increased by leaps and bounds because there is no question of Danish butter being up to standard. This has greatly increased their number of cows, and also of pigs, which are fed on the milk waste. The same careful treatment of Danish eggs has produced a similar increase in that export trade. Every Danish egg sold has been tested and stamped with a number so that each can be traced back to the fowl which laid it, and likewise to the owner of the said fowl, over whose head constantly hang government penalties if an egg goes wrong! All meat exposed for sale must bear a government stamp as to its quality, and here, too, a coöperative society protects both the producer's profit and a reasonable price for the consumer, with refreshing disregard of middlemen. It is perhaps unnecessary to tell an American that farmers such as these are accustomed to have telephones, surprising as this is to the average European agriculturist. Also can we not guess that such farmers demand good schools? But it will surprise Americans to learn that punishment for truancy in Denmark is a reduction in the number of hours the truant may thereafter attend school! In order to aid those wishing to go out upon the land there are house-mothers' schools, where all details of housekeeping are taught. It is useless to have good food if it be not properly cooked, and the delicatessen shops of New York or Chicago do not train young wives for life on the farm.

Alongside the narrow Cattegat and Ore Sund, which are to the great shipping traffic streaming into and out of the Baltic what the Dardanelles are to the Black Sea, lies Copenhagen, one of the world's principal ports—more tonnage entering annually than in any of our ports except New York. Before the war its only rivals in northern Europe

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were Petrograd and Hamburg, both of which have, obviously, now fallen far behind. And how are the Danes taking advantage of this strategical position of their capital? Instead of spending vast sums on fortifications and battleships (I saw six war vessels lying out of commission at Copenhagen!) they have constructed here a huge free port, into whose fifty acres of warehouses, goods may be landed free of duty from all parts of the world, to await sale or trans-shipment elsewhere. When a ship is bound for the Baltic with eight hundred tons for Danzig, four hundred for Petrograd, one thousand two hundred for Stockholm, and one thousand one hundred for Helsingfors, it does not pay to go unloaded from one port to another. A port of trans-shipment is needed, and this Copenhagen provides. The Freeport Company issues warehouse warrants for goods entrusted to its care, and against these warrants loans are readily advanced by Danish bankers, thus greatly facilitating business. Because the Kiel Canal was chiefly built for military purposes, and also since slow steaming through it is obligatory, it has never rivaled the Cattegat as the chief lane of access to the Baltic, and has therefore never imperiled Copenhagen's commercially strategic position.

Such is Denmark, and its value as an object lesson to patriotic Americans eager to better conditions at home is not exceeded by any other country abroad. We must not leave our consideration of this hospitable people without referring to the friendly feelng they aroused throughout our country by selling us their West Indian Islands. Very widespread is our feeling that the Caribbean Sea should become a Pan-American lake, and that the mouth of our Mississippi River and of our Panama Canal should be completely freed from European control upon nearby islands. It is greatly to be hoped that Holland, France and England will at no late date follow the example of Denmark, and likewise sell us their West Indian possessions. It would materially reduce the vast English and French war debts to us, and would relieve Dutch taxpayers of much of the cost incurred by their war-long mobilization.

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Although separated from Denmark only by the narrow waters of the Cattegat, Norway, its Scandinavian fellow, has domestic views of a widely differing sort. It looks out upon and across the sea, not only physically but mentally. Whilst studying the intensively agricultural Danes, it is difficult to realize that any of them were ever vikings, or that they first ravaged and then settled the east coast of Britain. But once in Norway and in Christiania, one need not view the ancient viking ships, marvelously preserved notwithstanding their age of one thousand one hundred years, to sense the sea-adventuring spirit still so strong in every Norwegian breast. It is highly appropriate that Gunnar Knudsen, their strongest political leader, for long Prime Minister, but now President of their Storthing or Parliament, should be a ship owner and builder, as was his father before him. The vigorous veteran of politics, though born in 1848, is still all-powerful in Norway, and was, as we have seen, one of the leaders of that movement for a separation from Sweden begun in 1885 and successfully concluded in 1905. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Otto Blehr, also of stout frame and of ripe years, and an expert in finance, is a contemporary and close personal friend of Knudsen, having long served with him in the Cabinet. Mr. Blehr has been carrying out to the full the radical policies of Knudsen ever since the latter resigned office as Prime Minister in June, 1920, and Blehr succeeded him. It was highly gratifying to hear how each of those two men spoke of our institutions and our people, with whom they felt the war had brought Norway into closer relations.

Knudsen told a story of his meeting with ex-President Roosevelt during his visit to Christiania, which illustrates how influential were even a few chance words from that illustrious American. It was during a dinner at the King's Palace that Knudsen told Roosevelt that the Norwegian Radicals had recently lost the elections because they espoused the cause of conservation of the nation's natural resources to prevent untimely exploitation by individuals.

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"Why, that is exactly what I stand for most resolutely!" exclaimed Roosevelt.

"May I quote you to that effect to the press?" asked Knudsen.

Consent was readily given; he did so, and public interest in the distinguished American's opinion materially helped to bring Knudsen's party back into power on this principle—in which, he said, now all Norwegians unitedly believed.

To one traveling by train between Christiania and Stockholm, the fourteen-hour railway journey displays so many potential water power sites that one wonders why the Norwegians have not further exploited their "white coal," as it is sometimes called, especially as the country lacks coal badly. Can it be that the unlimited timber supply of Norway is waiting to be turned into lumber or pulp by some progressive American harnessing their water powers—just as the suburbs of London did not receive their excellent tramways until the energetic and far-seeing Yerkes arrived? What better way to advance the friendly relations already so cordial between Norway and the United States, than for American enterprise thus to increase the natural wealth of Norway and so benefit her people?

The adventurous spirit of that viking race still manifests itself, not only in shipping ventures but also in emigration. Upon this latter problem the Norwegians do not feel, as do the Swedes, that restriction is desirable. Knudsen expresses the opinion generally held by his compatriots that because there is at present lack of employment at home, it is well to seek it in friendly America, where Norwegians are so well received and appreciated that they serve as apostles of better understanding between Norway and their new home. It is to the initiative and daring of Lief the Norseman, son of Eric the Red, that we owe the first discovery of America, and the more of his descendants who come to strengthen our Anglo-Saxon blood, the better for the standard of citizenship in the United States of tomorrow. Comment upon Norway would be incomplete with-

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out a reference to her distinguished intellectuals, men like Ibsen, Bjornson and Grieg, who have so greatly increased the cultural wealth of the world. Considering Norway's small population, no other country can boast so large a proportion of eminent geniuses.

After one has crossed the narrow Ore Sund at Copenhagen to the Swedish city of Malmö opposite, situated on the fertile plains of Skäne that lend their name to all Scandinavia, the difference between intensively farmed Denmark and industrial Sweden is soon apparent. Factory chimneys are exclamation points to accentuate this fact. Only ten per cent of Swedish soil is now tilled, although the average for western Europe is forty-four per cent. The swing from the farm to the city, while not so great as with us (only a quarter of the Swedes reside in towns) grew so marked that in 1894 their Parliament, in order to safeguard agrarian interests, fixed the number of its members to be elected from the towns at eighty and from the country districts at one hundred and fifty. Industrialism demands power, and although their forests and iron mines provide the Swedes with inexhaustible raw products to export, they are determined first to turn them into manufactured articles, and thus retain the profits of manufacture. Fortunately for them their potential supply of water power fully equals their wealth in raw products, for their estimated supply of "industrial mean water" (about nine months per year) totals six and three-fourths million horsepower, only exceeded in Europe by Norway with its seven and one-half million horsepower, France following with five and one-ninth millions, and Italy with five and one-sixth, while Germany has only one and one-fourth, and Great Britain one million. The Swedish government, which controls about a quarter of these water power sites, is very wisely, by a loan system, encouraging the development of the privately owned ones. Even with this assistance the advance is not rapid, and in this field opportunity beckons to American capital and enterprise. Although Swedish water power

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is not so easy to harness as that of Norway with its higher falls, compensation exists in Sweden's numerous lakes that help regulate the supply. Once harnessed, this power finds plenty to do, not only in making the world famous matches, the textiles, etc., but especially in turning the forests into wood pulp and lumber, and in handling both the rich iron ores of central Sweden and the boundless deposits of Lapland, so full of phospherous.

Perhaps the most outstanding economic fact concerning Sweden is how greatly it surpasses all other European countries in railway development, since for every ten thousand persons it has twenty-six kilometers of railway as against Denmark's thirteen and one-sixth; France and Great Britain's twelve and one-half, and Italy's six. Like everything else in Sweden, the trains are clean and comfortable. But even more extensive than their railway development is their waterway development. Large vessels run between all the ports—while at Stockholm, plying about through the labyrinth of rivers, inlets and lakes that make this charming capital such a delightful summer resort, are innumerable small steamers, comfortable and cheap, and all well patronized by the energetic, amusement-loving folk who are never too busy to be polite. This politeness, by the way, is obviously of the heart and not of the hat brim!

One local industry now beginning to attract attention outside is the breeding of reindeer, of which the Swedes have about three hundred thousand head. They are only concerned with the hides and meat, but since the introduction of reindeer into Alaska and northern Canada, we have found that their presence makes possible a considerable population at latitudes otherwise too northerly. The reindeer pastures on the moss that covers the Arctic plains, and the milk and meat not only provide for colonies of keepers, but also bring them profit, reindeer beef being now sent as far south as Chicago.

Sweden used to suffer from the intemperance which a northerly climate is apt to superinduce, but she has met the

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problem, though in a manner differing from our total prohibition enactment. Beer and wine are freely obtainable, but no person under twenty-five may purchase spirits. Upon attaining that age, he or she is provided with a card permitting the purchase of four litres of spirits per month. This system has materially decreased drunkeness. Perhaps the gentler sex (of which, by the way, there is an abnormal preponderance in Sweden) do not always promptly announce their twenty-fifth birthdays, and thus somewhat postpone their buying of spirits. Possibly the same female psychology may there operate as in the matter of the women's vote in England. There a woman may not vote until she declares she has reached her thirtieth birthday; one hears that sometimes female voting is unduly delayed! Although Swedish women have long enjoyed more political rights and privileges than their sisters elsewhere in Europe (voting in municipal elections and holding elective offices) it was not until September, 1921, that they took part in national elections—and wide was Scandinavian interest as to how this new vote would swing.

Sweden was once a great warlike power, for in the Middle Ages, when mercenary bands formed the bulk of all armies, her regiments of citizen-soldiery led by Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, overran northern Europe, captured Prague, and stormed the gates of Moscow. Now she is a great force for peace; perhaps this change is no better exemplified than by the fact that the Swede, Alfred Nobel, who gave the world-famous peace prize, is the son of Emanuel Nobel, who invented dynamite and submarine mines!

The sights which meet the traveler's eye in Scandinavia are sometimes strange, but always, to an American, the background is familiar, whether it be the agricultural landscape of Danish small farms or the pine-clad hills and frequent lakes of Norway and Sweden, so reminiscent of the Adirondacks or Bar Harbor or many another American woodland. Of course we cannot lay claim to anything just like

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the bold beauty of the Norwegian fjords, which must be seen to be believed, nor that of the maze of inlets and islands which for miles on beautiful miles stretch between Stockholm and the great north thrusting Gulf of Bothnia. Nevertheless, an American always feels strangely at home in the Scandinavian countries. Indeed, it seems more of a homeland and less foreign to us than even England, from which we get our language and so much of our blood. Perhaps the most persistently beautiful of all the memories one takes home from Norway and Sweden are the lovely summer twilights softly illuminating the picturesque scenery. Just as America and Japan are blessed with long and glorious autumns (so different from the somewhat dreary ones of continental Europe) so is the Scandinavian peninsula fortunate in the amazing length of its delicious twilights. Indeed, at Stockholm and Christiania, both near the sixtieth degree north latitude, it never becomes completely dark during the summer months. Even after the tardy setting of the sun the afterglow lingers on, and at one or two in the morning the June or July sky shows a pale blueness that we of lower latitudes do not know. An Italian peasant once reverently told me that the Lord made all of the day and night except the twilight, but that was made by the Blessed Virgin herself. Even more would he have been impressed by the loveliness of the closing day could he have seen it in the far north, notwithstanding that meant his presence among a people ninety-nine per cent of the Lutheran faith.

Do not expect strange sights in the capitals of Copenhagen, Christiania, or Stockholm, for you will find them handsome modern cities with nothing like the number of quaint features shown in many to the south of them. Prosperous they obviously are and comfortable, but hardly foreign, at least to the American eye. Stockholm rejoices in a most picturesque situation, built as it is over islands, with many bridges and waterways. It is the fashion to call it the Venice of the North, and while it has canals and rivers enough to justify that name, and toward sunset come many

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of the lights that make Venice so lovely, it is far too busy a city and against too rocky a background to be really like Venice. Imagine Venice with many large trees and a Bar Harbor background!—impossible. Of Christiania one always remembers the amazing view out over the city and the hundred-forked Christiania fjord seen from Holmenkollen hill. One has to go all the way to Rio Janeiro harbor for a view so spacious.

But once outside the great capitals, Scandinavia has many quaint sights. Everywhere striking peasant costumes are to be seen. In Norway old fashioned log houses are frequent, and the fashion of drying hay upon hurdle-like fences prevails in even longer stretches than in Sweden. Though the Swedish like to turn their haypiles into fences, on the other hand, they build up circular mounds of firewood shaped like our hay stacks. Perhaps the oldest sight in Denmark is their fashion of always tethering grazing cattle. You will see long rows of them, each roped to a peg in the ground, busily clearing a circle of its fodder. The Danes maintain that this is more economical of pasturage, for in this way none is wasted or unduly trodden under foot. But, after all, these local idiosyncrasies in their rural landscapes cannot destroy the sense of familiarity to Americans. We may not have viking blood in our veins, but we are just as restless and eager for new sights as were those early men of initiative and daring. We know why it is that so many Scandinavians, especially those of the northern peninsula, delight to visit foreign lands. We wish that all those emigrants would come to us, to a people who welcome them, to a land where they feel as much at home as Americans do when they travel amidst the comfort and the sturdy intelligence of the Scandinavian countries.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE United States Senate has once again asserted its right to be the judge of what is just and honorable in this country's relations with other nations. The passing of the Borah bill exempting coastwise vessels from canal tolls undoes one of the first and most mischievous acts of the Wilson administration. It will be recalled that Mr. Wilson asked for the repeal of this exemption on the ground that certain unnamed foreign complications demanded this sacrifice. When it was eventually learned that there were no such complications, we were told that American honor would suffer unless it were done, a cry that has been restated by Wilson newspapers and satellites *ad nauseam*.

Nothing, indeed, has been more exasperating and, for that matter, more humiliating, than the way the Wilson appointees and newspapers have been ready to join in the discrediting of their own country whenever the wishes of their idol and master were disregarded. The heirs of Walter Hines Page would have done his memory more honor had they suppressed the fawning letter in which he, repeating the gossip of his English friends, discants with gusto on our "dishonor," though no Englishman of note has come forward to say it, and Lord Bryce has declared that we had a right to the exemption. It has been a curious thing in this whole discussion that what the English government did not dare protest—and England has never been timid in asserting her rights—a small group of Americans, purblind in their desire to cultivate English good will, have urged without hesitation, reflecting on the honor of their country. Strange too is the fact that it seems to be difficult for this country to find men who, as soon as they are appointed to represent us at London, will not become imbued with the idea that their function is to represent, not America, but England. If only our ambassadors to Great Britain would observe carefully that England's representatives here win our respect and retain the regard of their countrymen by upholding the honor of their own country. It would be mighty short shift with them if they didn't, but the Americans are a patient people and inclined to be very tolerant of toadyism in their foreign representatives.

* * * * * *

That Theodore Roosevelt, who loved his country as much as, and understood his people better than any man of his time, would have lent himself to any plan of dishonor is what no man dare openly aver. That the Panama Canal Repeal like the Colombian treaty, was part of the

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Wilson plan to blacken the name of the Great American is obvious. Sick as the ex-president was when he arrived in Para, Brazil, after his great sufferings on the River of Doubt, the first thing that he did was to send a vigorous message in answer to a cablegram from Miles Poindexter, denouncing the Wilson scheme to put America in the light of a grasping and dishonorable breaker of treaties. It was to undo Theodore Roosevelt's work that Woodrow Wilson undertook his repeal activities, and it is Theodore Roosevelt's honor as well as the honor of America that the United States Senate has vindicated by passing the Borah bill.

* * * * * *

Would that the same wisdom that the Senate has shown in the matter of the Panama Canal Tolls had been displayed in the matter of Taxation. We yield to no man in our admiration of most of the senators whom George Moses in his New Hampshire flippancy describes as the Kenyon Soviet, but the great agricultural interests will not be served by a blind refusal to look facts in the face. The principal reason for the hard times and the stagnation in business has been that the money of the country that should go into business has gone into tax-exempt securities, of which there are already fifteen billion; with millions being issued every week. One third of that amount, or five billions, if turned into business would make this country in two months the most prosperous in the history of the world —far more prosperous than it has ever been. And yet the Senate, deliberately, or rather, apparently without deliberation, agrees on a bill that drives capital further into exempt securities and penalizes the man who dares to undertake the risks of business investment.

* * * * * *

New York continues to be the home and the hotbed of the Drama of Indecency. Week after week, plays are produced which are as flagrant as anything offered by the worst Paris playhouses, and far beyond the drama of the Restoration in immorality. There is not even the saving grace of wit or humor, though the easiest encomium to wring from the easy-going critics is "brilliant." Even John Drew, who once appeared in plays that one might go to see without having the colic, is now playing in New York in a drama called "The Circle" by W. Somerset Maugham, which is about as vile a literary production as one could imagine. It is more insidious than most of the filthy French farces, for the smut is gilded, and the author has a technical facility not unlike that of Oscar Wilde. But even the New York managers did not dare produce the play in full, some of the baldest and most offensive passages being omitted by the actors, who play their parts without art or discrimination, from John Drew down.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

THE STAGE AND THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR*

NO subject offers a greater field for clear thinking and firm writing than the Modern Drama. No subject is more befogged by unsound thinking and spasmodic and hysterical utterances. From a professor of Yale University, one might at least expect a certain amount of temperate discussion and at least a dignified reserve, but Professor William Lyon Phelps of the Lampson Chair of English Literature at Yale is above such things as dignity, and indifferent, apparently, to such things as reserve and caution.

Here are six essays that pendulate between the obvious and the impossible, that contain not a single original thought, not a happy suggestion, but much reaching and straining after effect, loose diction, and an astonishing absence of a sense of proportion.

What he says of Barrie, of Galsworthy, of Maeterlinck, and of Rostand has been said elsewhere with better effect and with less ecstasy.

What he says of George Bernard Shaw might have been written by any of his students or by some fresh youth without a possibility of an original thought, or a due appreciation of Shaw's insincerity, his rank affectation, his rather boring self assertion, and self adulation. Much of his "criticism" of Shaw sounds very much like discussions of Fotheringill, and the other affected members of the literary circle that Mr. Don Marquis so admirably caricatures.

Shaw, Professor Phelps tells us, is "a star of the first magnitude,"—"who adorns with his art every subject that he touches." . . . "But we need him. We need him as Athens needed Socrates; as the Mediaeval Church needed Luther; as England needed Cromwell; as France needed the Revolution; as George III needed George Washington." That another generation will wonder what all this is about and read with amazement such ecstatic statements is something that never occurred to Professor Phelps, though occasionally he admits that he himself is floundering: "What does he (Shaw) teach? I confess I do not know. The main business of the teacher is not to impart information, but to transfer facts from his skull to the skulls of the pupils with as little friction as possible. The business of the teacher is to raise a thirst."

* "ESSAYS ON MODERN DRAMATISTS," by William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company.

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But it is when Professor Phelps discusses his friend Clyde Fitch that he is at his best—or worst.

His friendship with Fitch as a boy might be adduced in extenuation for much that Phelps has written, were it not that Professor Phelps, because of his position, is supposed to be above considerations of friendship when it comes to instructing the young men who have the misfortune to look to him for criticism on the modern theatre.

Hardly anything that the author says about Clyde Fitch as a dramatist is true—nothing that he says is sound. He states that Mr. Fitch earned two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year as if that were an adequate reason for his vulgarity and for the low moral tone of his plays, for the trickiness and chicanery of his "art."

He quotes at great length Miss Elsie DeWolf to show that Mr. Fitch understood the superficial characteristics of women, telling us that he was able to show Miss DeWolf how to walk like a woman! Comment is unnecessary. He quotes not a single paragraph nor a single line to show that Mr. Fitch understood the human heart.

The professor makes the astounding statement that Mr. Fitch "owed comparatively little to others," when play after play of Fitch's was based on his reading of the French dramatists. The author speaks with thrilling enthusiasm of the production of "The City" in New York in 1909 and regrets that Fitch was not alive to enjoy its great success. We remember the production of this play most distinctly—one of the saddest nights we ever spent in an American theatre—vulgar, false and degenerate in its ideals, "The City" represented Mr. Fitch's peculiar and unfortunate talent at its worst.

The audience, it is true, applauded wildly and shouted over the blasphemy in the play but long before the curtain went up on the first act there was every evidence of preparation on the part of the management and Fitch's enthusiastic friends that this play was going to be put over "Big."

Mr. Fitch is dead but his influence lived long after him and spoiled many a fine young dramatist who would have been a healthy contributor to the American theatre had he escaped one of the most baneful influences that our American literature has known.

A. E. Low.

NEW THOUGHTS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT*

PROFESSOR McCLURE in "The Contents of the New Testament," takes up the New Testament in the order of the documents therein found in accordance with modern literary and historical research. It is not generally known that the Bible is practically a new book

*"The Contents of the New Testament," by Haven McClure. The MacMillan Co.

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today, owing to the literary and historical investigations that have been made in the last twenty-five years by scholars here and abroad, in the study of the documents and their contemporary environments.

Most people understand, as a result of a multitude of articles and scientific addresses, how different is the constitution of the earth from what it was conceived to be in earlier times. By a careful study of the rocks in their successive layers, Geology has created a different view point, and as a result of modern geological study, we behold our earth today in its present form, as the end of a long period of evolutionary development. It is a fascinating point of view and one we are all familiar with.

It is not so clearly recognized, however, that a somewhat similar process has been going on in the study of the Bible. The various documents have been carefully analyzed in modern scholarship, and placed in their historical sequence like the layers of geological rock.

This modern view of the Bible expressed in Professor McClure's book is what gives it its value and place in a review in THE FORUM, for Professor McClure, Secretary of the English Council of Indiana State Teachers' Association, has written thoroughly and sympathetically for the lay mind, unversed in the technicalities of biblical research. His objective is to present the result of the labors of the world's greatest Bible scholars in a manner intelligible to the younger mind and to the general reader. At the same time an effort has been made to keep in consonance the contents of the New Testament with the revelations of modern science, and to do this without in any way impairing anyone's respect for Christianity.

This Professor McClure has succeeded in doing in a way that commends itself in general to Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jew, though this statement should of course be made with qualifications.

He has given us in two hundred pages in compact compass, a modern view of the New Testament, and he is be commended upon the clearness, compactness, sanity, scholarship, and reserve in which he has stated his conclusions.

DE WITT L. PELTON.

AN ANTI-ROOSEVELT HISTORY*

DR. FREDERIC L. PAXON is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and he has written a "Recent History of the United States." An extraordinary "history," it is written with so little sense of proportion and so little insight into American affairs that it might have been written by a professor of a Chinese university whose only

*"Recent History of the United States," by Frederic L. Paxson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

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knowledge of American history had been gained by reading the Paris Herald.

Why a picture of Theodore Roosevelt was put at the beginning of the book is hard to conceive, unless it was to emphasize the contempt of the author, who delights in recording the achievements of Henry Ford and passes over the death of the great Roosevelt with a single line. No lover of Roosevelt and no American who has studied his times and understands them, can read this book without having great sympathy for the college students who are obliged to get their instruction from one so blind and ignorant, and apparently unable to control his prejudices. Theodore Roosevelt is twice referred to as "noisily" doing this, or doing that (pages 270 and 275), and this seems to be the one characteristic of one of America's greatest men that impressed Mr. Paxson.

But it is not alone in the matter of Roosevelt that the author shows his misunderstanding of American affairs and lack of sympathy with the progressive spirit. All that he can see in the rebellion against old standards that began with the Roosevelt period, is a love of muck-raking and a desire to disturb. The revolt of the Progressive Republicans in 1912 was to him

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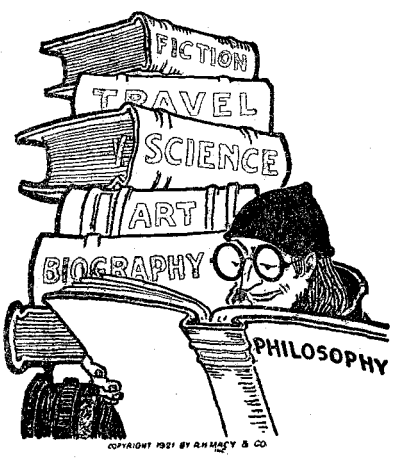

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nothing more than a political movement. Reference to the part played by Roosevelt in the conclusion of the Japanese-Russian war, shows a doleful lack of knowledge of the real story of the ending of that war—a story that is yet to be written.

Similar ignorance is displayed when the author comes to discuss business affairs. His account of the battle between the Harriman and Hill interests in 1901 is that of one far removed both from the atmosphere of the conflict and the facts. As a matter of fact Harriman in his controversy with the Hill and Morgan interests was not defeated, but held all the cards of victory and had he not chosen to compromise for what he regarded as adequate reasons, he could have used the control of the majority of all the stock which he held, to the confusion of his enemies, who had the control only of the common. The dissolution of the Northern Securities Company deprived him of the benefits of this compromise, but it is not history to depict him as beaten.

What more can one say of a historian of his time who is wrong on two such dissimilar personalities as Theodore Roosevelt and Edward Harriman?

G. H. P.

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AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Friend:

I hold the degree of A.B. and A.M. from the University of Missouri, the degree of D.D. from the University of Kentucky, the degree of L.B. from the Washington University. I was editor of the Harriman Lines Railroad Educational Bureau, was attorney for the White Pass R. R., and practiced law in six states.

It was my privilege to have the personal friendship of Judge Hanna and Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame, of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and of John E Richardson, better known as T. K., founder of the Great School of Philosophy

I organized the Law and Commercial Company of Snow, Church and Company, with offices in many large cities and the Lyceum League of America, with Theodore Roosevelt as its first President and Edward Everet Hale, William Dean Howells, Frances Willard and Senator Lodge on the Board of Trustees.

I recently came to St. Louis from my home in Long Beach, California for the purpose of studying the Master Key System at close range and getting into personal touch with the Author, Charles F. Haanel.

I have been here long enough to find that while all other systems of thought are concerned chiefly with the manipulation of things, the Master Key System is interested in the causes whereby conditions are created. For this reason it is Universal and unlimited.

It is the key to every system of thought in existence, either ancient or modern, religious or philosophical, occidental or oriental. It is the key that is being used by the strong people of the earth, those who do not believe in the virtue of poverty, or the beauty of self-denial. Let me demonstrate this by sending you a few sample papers, without cost or obligation of any kind The busier you are, the bigger things you have in view, the less you can afford to be without the Master Key System.

WALT LE NOIR CHURCH, 211 Howard Bldg., St. Louis, Mo

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